LADIES DON'T LIKE IT

The Modern Man

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 19. [PUBLISHED EVERY WEDNESDAY.] WEEK ENDING MARCH 13, 1909. ONE PENNY.

HARRY HALL

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The Safety Razor Co. (Dept. M), 48, Aden Grove, London, N.

AGENTS WANTED. **NOTE.**—If you are not thoroughly satisfied your money will be returned in full. AGENTS WANTED.

NEW CURE FOR CATARRH, ADENOIDS, AND NOSE-BREATHING DIFFICULTIES.

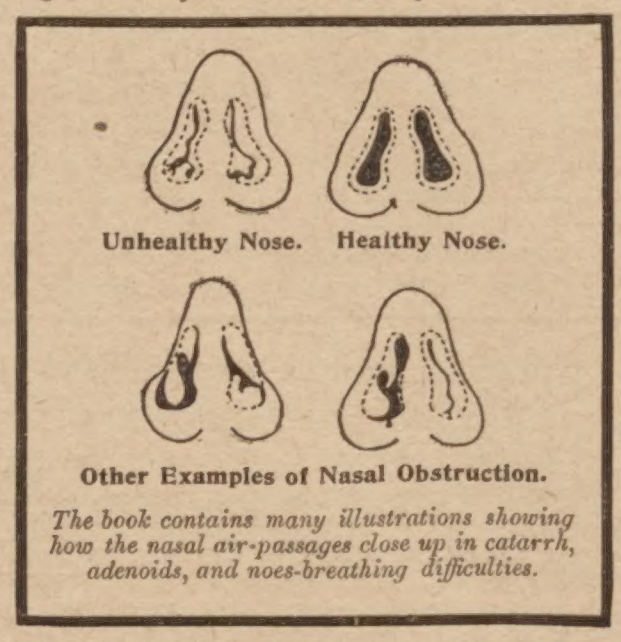
A GIFT-BOOK BY PATIENT-AND-DOCTOR DISCOVERERS OF A REMARKABLE "BREATHING CURE" WHICH RE-OPENS NASAL AIR PASSAGES.

NO SPRAYS—NO OPERATIONS—NO CAUTERISING—CURES DURING SLEEP.

A book has just been published which tells of the joint discovery by a Doctor and his Patient of a remarkable cure for catarrh, adenoids, and other nose-breathing difficulties—remarkable because it calls for no sprays or injection—no powders to be snuffled—no operations—and no painful electrical cauterising of the inflamed mucous membrane. The new cure is further remarkable as it cures automatically during sleep.

Every reader afflicted with catarrh knows how this hitherto incurable complaint prevents proper breathing. The nose is unable to do its duty of filtering, moistening, and warming the air, and the *mouth* is called upon to do the work *as well as it can.*

As a result of this *extra* duty of the mouth, the breathing becomes inefficient and shallow, and frequent head and chest colds are "caught" because of cold air striking direct on the lungs. (The nose, of course, is intended to warm as well as filter and moisten the intaken air.) • The nasal air-passages—by disuse—become more and more obstructed, causing adenoids and polypus, which in the past have generally had to be operated upon by the surgeon. The falling back down the throat, or on to the back of the tongue, of the poisonous, evil-smelling, slimy mucous matter causes offensive breath and a bad taste in the mouth. The hearing oft times becomes affected, the head feels hot, and the eyes dry (with reactionary spells of acrid watery discharge from eyes and nose, especially in foggy weather). Even the mouth-breathing is handicapped by the accumulation of catarrhal matter in the bronchial tubes and lungs. The pent-up catarrhal slime often gets into the stomach and the liver and kidneys, seriously interfering with their functional ability, and frequently giving rise to catarrh of the stomach.



Unhealthy Nose. Healthy Nose.

Other Examples of Nasal Obstruction.

The book contains many illustrations showing how the nasal air-passages close up in catarrh, adenoids, and noes-breathing difficulties.

The joint authors of the discovery—as the result of a fruitless quest for relief and cure—were led to experiment along the line of "the First Cause"—the nose and its respiratory function.

The layman it was who made the first enlightening discovery. Being a singer, he discovered that *the nose could be temporarily* freed by just lifting the outer edges of the nostrils. (*Try this and see how it "unstops" the most stopped-up nose.*)

Upon this first step discovery has been built and an anatomical-physiological cure effected; the details are given fully (and illustrated) in a book which can be obtained by sending a penny stamp for its postage.

Immediately the method of cure described by the book is applied there is striking evidence of its curative powers. It is, as one man put it, like coming into the fresh air out of a stiflingly close atmosphere.

It is the desire of the discoverers of the cure that all who have catarrh, adenoids, etc., should accept their present offer of a gratis copy of the book, "Respiratory Re-Education." A penny stamp should be sent for postage, and a copy will be sent by return. Address letters to the Publishers, "Respiratory Re-Education," 80, Rhycol Building, 130, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

The Modern Man

I dare do all that may become a man. Who dares do more is none.—MACBETH.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL OF MASCULINE INTEREST.

No. 19. WEEK ENDING MARCH 13TH, 1909. ONE PENNY.

OUT-OF-WORKS' INGENUITY.

CLEVER DEVICES TO GET EMPLOYMENT.

Owing to slackness of trade a draper's assistant found himself some weeks ago without employment. After fruitlessly trying the usual channels for obtaining fresh work, he hit on a scheme more novel than scrupulous. He inserted in the papers an advertisement to this effect: "Wanted, a smart draper's assistant; apply, stating qualification and salary, to Box X Y Z."

This brought him close on two hundred replies, and his correspondents, by stating their present place of employment, gave him a clue as to where he would find a vacancy. Moreover, the various amounts demanded as salaries gave him some idea as to what his correspondents were earning in their present places.

He immediately called at the various shops named in the letters; at the first six places he was informed that dullness of trade compelled the proprietors to discharge many old hands and to engage no new ones; but at the seventh shop he was offered a billet exactly to his liking. He afterwards found out that he was engaged to fill the place of an assistant who was "under notice," and who had, therefore, answered his advertisement.

To his credit it must be mentioned that with his first salary he returned the penny stamp which each of his correspondents had spent in answering his bogus advertisement.

A stone-polisher had been out of work for some months, and had spent the last of his small savings. Goaded by hunger he decided on a desperate plan. At six o'clock one morning he was waiting with a crowd of fellow unemployed at the gate of a big stone-yard in South London. A heavy wagon, laden with blocks of stone, was leaving the yard; bracing himself to the ordeal, the polisher thrust the tip of one foot underneath one of the wheels, as if by accident. Then came the sickening crunch, and with a moan the man fell to the ground. He was taken to hospital, where his toes, which had been rather badly crushed, were dressed. In a fortnight's time he was up again, and, hastening to the office of the stone merchant, he threatened to bring an action for damages against him.

The merchant understood that the man's case would be a good one, and suggested a compromise; the polisher immediately produced references from his last master, and said he would be perfectly content if he got a job. This was agreed to, and the man is still in the same place.

The most skilful painter in a certain pottery got his position by a bold stratagem. Things were slack in his trade, and he had been unable to obtain work for some time, and at last he decided to take his place unasked at the painting benches in this factory. He came early and had finished several fine pieces before he was detected as an intruder and the manager called him to task. But so beautiful was his work that those in charge recognised that it would be against their interests to lose him, and they promptly engaged him at good wages.

B. SOPER.

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CHEEK.

Silence, we are told, is golden. Mr. Roger Pocock must be a very rich man.

* * * * * * *

"Answers" has received a testimonial to the fairness of the judging in its anagram competitions. The tribute came from a prize-winner.

* * * * * * *

"The increased number of 'mixed' clubs in London, where dozens of men and women meet every afternoon and evening for the sole purpose of card-playing, has produced a race of bridge fanatics," says the "Throne and Country." They should be known as "pons asinorum" clubs.

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The football expert of the "Daily Express" is of opinion that the English XV. "needs a stimulant." Let's dope not.

* * * * * * *

According to Sir Edward Clarke a man to a woman "is either a wretch or a dear." And he is never so much of a wretch as when he hints she is a little dear.

* * * * * * *

It appears that we are not to have a duel after all. We suggest that in future Mr. Roger Pocock should be known as Mr. Doger Half-cock. Perhaps we are wrong. "Half-cock," of course, won't go off, and the trouble with Mr. Pocock, at least according to our friend, Gray-Reid, is that he won't come on.

* * * * * * *

Purple hats are the latest fashion for men in Paris. You don't, however, need to wear one in order to have a purple time of it in the "gay capital."

* * * * * * *

Mr. Will Crooks, M.P., is, we learn, in private life a famous vocalist. In public life he certainly often makes a song about nothing.

* * * * * * *

From the "Daily Mail": "Five meteoric stones which fell in the village of Jubilla del Aqua, Spain, setting fire to a farm, had the characteristic crystalline appearance on the inside, while the outside bore the usual blackish crust of meteorites." How very remarkable! But it would have been even more remarkable if these meteoric stones had not had the usual characteristics of meteoric stones.

* * * * * * *

Two tapirs have arrived at the Zoo. "Tappers," of course, have long been common in Fleet Street.

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"No body of men stands up more for a sober democracy than the Labour Party. We would sooner live under an oligarchy of devils than be ruled by a drunken democracy," says Mr. O'Grady, M.P. We understand that these sentiments have the warmest approval of a certain light among Labour M.P.'s who was recently fined 10s. for being drunk in the streets.

* * * * * * *

Workhouses are to be abolished. Yet another assault on the "Englishman's home."

NORMAN FRASER.

SPORT AND POVERTY.

SHOWING THAT THE TWO MAY EXIST TOGETHER.

Often one hears a young chap say something to this effect: "I'd go in for sport this very minute if I only had the cash, for I'm a sportsman at heart, you know."

He isn't.

A man who is a sportsman at heart doesn't wait for times to get better. He has his sport now.

It is a common error to suppose that you can't be a sportsman unless you spend a lot over it.

Money has very little to do with sport.

If by sport you understand big-game shooting in Africa, or the taking of a moor for the season in Scotland, then, I grant you, the need for lavish expenditure is obvious and insistent; but the man of moderate means who wastes his time thinking of such things is letting the golden hours slip past; he is dreaming, while others, no better off than himself, are enjoying the glories of sport to the full.

I admit that to enjoy a sport where a club organisation is necessary you will have to pay a certain amount for your annual subscription, but if you select your club wisely this need not be large. There is as much fun to be got out of a sport in a small club as in a big and luxurious one.

As a sport for all—rich and poor alike—it would be hard to beat cross-country running. Different clubs have different entrance fees and subscriptions, but I know of many where you can have a run as often as you like and enjoy the full and free use of all the club's appliances and advantages for five shillings a year.

Not a prohibitive figure this, surely, and if cross-country running is not sport, I humbly ask what is.

The steady jog-trot through the invigorating air with other men whom you know are amongst the best hearted fellows on earth; the glorious satisfaction of feeling the growth of your powers of endurance; the risks you take when you tackle unknown fences; the vigour you feel at the end of a run—are not these things of the very essence of sport?

Fishing, again, is a sport for the poor man, provided he is near enough to a stream where no charge is exacted for plying his rod. If he lives near the sea, some of the finest sport is obtainable, and rock fishing has the advantage of being in season all the year round.

Boxing is another sport that costs next to nothing. A set of gloves can be purchased on the share principle by yourself and the man you are to spar with. If you can afford it, take a course of lessons from a professional; if you can't, learn the science from books.

If you want riding and shooting, the Territorials are ready to welcome you and give you both free of all cost.

Soldiering is amongst the finest sport imaginable, particularly when you are engaged in sham fights. Nothing could be finer.

Never say you can't enjoy sport because you're hard up. It isn't true. THOMAS CRAWFORD.

THE LONELY CHAP.

A FEW WORDS WITH THE YOUNG FELLOW IN "DIGS."

People are always grumbling about the loneliness of a life in the country. Nothing, they declare, can compare with the awful monotony of life far from the crowded towns.

The dulness of moral existence drives many men off the soil on to the pavements, men who have in them the lust and love of mother earth, and who would grow up like sturdy oaks, if enabled to do so in the air that gave them their first strength. But from many causes not concerning us at present they cannot stay there. And their first move is to the local market town.

Here they very soon find that a market town is merely an overgrown village. They know their way about it in less than a week, and in its turn the small town becomes a bore.

There is not enough of life's variety in it, so in sheer desperation the young man takes his fortune in his hand and bolts for a city.

It may be London, or Liverpool, or Manchester, or Glasgow, or Bristol, or Birmingham. In any case it is a great big, dirty, rich, growing, manufacturing place, where he feels quite sure that loneliness and dulness and monotony are unknown, and where he will find companionship to satisfy even his ardent longing for life in all its aspects.

EMBARKED ON HIS NEW LIFE.

He gets a place in a grocer's shop, or he goes as carter to a carrier, or he may try a clerkship, or drapery, or as a warehouseman, or in any position where taut muscles, boundless energy, and an excess of strength can be worked off in some more or less profitable way. And then he looks for a place to lay his head and make his home.

Hitherto the excitement of the city, the novelty, the new surroundings, the boundless possibilities for fame and fortune, and even for sheer selfish enjoyment, have biassed his outlook. But, having found his lodgings, which are not likely to be like the sweet and wholesome dwellings of his native village, he begins to wonder whether after all he has done wisely in migrating.

Day by day as he returns from his work the gloom of his garret increases.

He knows not a soul; his outlook is upon a desert of tiles and smoking chimneys. He sees around all the possibilities of riotous amusement, but he lacks the means to indulge himself.

A MAN ALONE.

If he sits in his room he fears even madness and suicide, for loneliness makes the heart sick; if he goes forth into the streets he is lonelier than ever.

Not a soul knows him, not a soul cares a snap of the fingers who he is or what he becomes.

Surrounded by feverish life, he is isolated and unapproachable.

He shuns the society of those who offer him maudlin moralities and negative joys, for now and then he knows he must drain his pint, and on occasions enjoy the luxury of a whole-hearted "damn."

Not even for companionship will he stultify his honest appetites or pretend to a sanctimonious horror at the thought of a deep draught of wholesome beer. Life is too sweet, he holds, to be watered down with texts and high-teas.

Seeing no way out of his dilemma, he may come to untimely grief. His plight is unimaginably dismal to all those who have never known its desolating horror.

But there is a way out of his misfortune.

All that he needs is to be told the nearest road to the Territorial recruiting station, for it is surprising how soon all the lowering clouds of loneliness and disheartening monotony are dissipated when the heart is set upon such a matter as soldiering.

Thousands of men who have had no particular interest in existence have found the tonic of their lives in the ranks of the Territorials, and are daily telling of their fortune.

FINDING CHUMS AT LAST.

The work of every member of the new force is nothing short of inspiring. From the moment of his enrolment the young countryman, turned townsman, enters a new atmosphere.

The change from the listless life of the unattached, to the martial, bracing, influence of an Army in being, is almost too much for him at first.

It takes his breath away, but it takes away also the last suspicion of his previous lack of initiative and joy in sheer existence.

The bracing effects of drill, the companionship of keen men of every class and of every occupation, the emulation—jealousy if you like—generated in the constant striving for efficiency, are such as no man should be allowed to miss.

I speak of what I know. I was a lonely chap once; now I am a Territorial. I am lonely no longer, and life is very good.

EDWARD GOULD.

LORD CHARLES, LAW-BREAKER.

Fixed to the door of a house in Berkeley Square, London, there is a fine silver knocker. Lord Charles Beresford, Britain's foremost sea-dog, well remembers the day when it was first put there. He was at that time a young naval officer.

Accompanied by a friend who held a commission in the Life Guards, Lord Charles was passing through Berkeley Square one evening on his way to a theatre, when the glint of the silver knocker caught his eye. Knocker-wrenching was a craze at that time amongst the young sparks about town, and Lord Charles and his friend accordingly marked down this particular knocker.

After the theatre they stole up the steps of the Berkeley Square mansion, fixed a piece of cord to the knocker, and, using a stick as a lever, endeavoured to pull it off. But it would not come. Just as they were giving a final tug, they heard a footstep in the hall, and had barely time to make off before the door was opened.

But they were not to be beaten. At two o'clock in the morning they returned in a hansom cab to Berkeley Square. Pulling up quietly at the edge of the pavement, they stole up the steps again, and fixed one end of a rope to the coveted knocker. The other they hitched to the axle of the cab; then, seating themselves in the vehicle, they ordered the cabby to drive on.

The knocker came this time, but it brought a panel of the door with it. Somehow the adventure leaked out, and Lord Charles had finally to restore the trophy and pay damages to its owner. That is how the knocker is once again in its place.

ETIQUETTE.

I. THE HAT.

In offering some hints on social behaviour for men I take as my first subject the hat.

In doing so I shall try not to talk through mine, but at the same time it is difficult to avoid the obvious.

Every man, it is to be presumed, knows that on being introduced to a lady, or meeting one you know, you should raise your hat. Nevertheless many men perform this simple operation in the wrong way.

On being introduced to a lady, you should nearly always take off your hat with your left hand, so that your right hand is free should she offer to shake hands. Of course, if you are carrying a parcel in your left hand you must use your right, but lift your hat so that it does not come between you and the light of the lady's countenance, and replace it quickly, so that you can take her hand if she proffers it.

When passing a lady, the golden rule is to take your hat off with the hand farthest away from her.

This again is partly so that your hat should not come between you and her, and partly in order that, should she stop, you may be ready to shake hands.

Nominally, before raising your hat you should wait for the lady to bow, but between friends the actions are practically simultaneous, and on catching the lady's eye you may anticipate her bow.

Be reasonably sure, however, that she is going to bow. There are few moments more ackward in this life than claiming acquaintance with a lady who, for reasons best known to herself, does not see you when she knows you and does not know you when she sees you.

When it is a matter of meeting a casual acquaintance whom you have only met once before at dance, dinner, or other social function you should always wait for her to recognise you first, otherwise you may meet a cold and glassy stare.

If you are walking with a friend, and he or she takes off his hat or bows to anyone, off must come your hat also.

As we all are, or are going to be, Territorials now, I may give a hint about saluting. The commissioned ranks always salute with the right hand, the rank and file with the hand farthest away from the person saluted.

The officer's salute is perhaps more of a touch of his headdress than a regular salute, but at the same time it must not be allowed to degenerate into a groom's or servant's touch of his cap.

To return to hats, when you take your hat off take it off. You need not posture like a dancing master with it, but at the same time raise it clear of your head.

Some men, especially some young men, show themselves bounders in the way they take off their hats to ladies who are not in the same social position as themselves.

Whether you should take off your hat to a barmaid is a matter for yourself. You are perfectly entitled not to do so—I mean when leaving a bar, for of course if she bows to you in the street you will naturally return the compliment—but if you are going to salute her, do the thing properly, and not in that contemptuous, half-makeshift slight lifting of the hat that so many men adopt.

Do the thing properly or not at all.

Should a man take off his hat to another man? It all depends. A young man should certainly bare his head to an elderly one, an inferior to a superior, and the latter if he is a gentleman will always punctiliously return the salute of his subordinate.

Men of equal age and standing do not usually raise their hats to each other in this country, but if one does the other should follow suit.

Formerly a man paying a call took his hat into the drawing-room with him, but this is no longer done.

Finally, always raise your hat to a funeral, the colours of a regiment, and the quarter deck of a battleship.

E. H. HILL.

The Failure.

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By R. D. CROMBIE.

Ask for me to-morrow and you shall find me a grave man.—SHAKESPEARE.

The peculiar gait of the man aroused my curiosity first. He was walking along the pavement a few yards in front of me with his head slightly bent and his feet meeting the flagstones joltily. It was not the uncertainty of intoxication, but rather a shambling unwillingness, as if the mind had lost control of the joints and muscles. My speculations were purely idle until I saw him pause, and commence to cross the street; then I dashed forward—too late. The plunging feet of the horses caught him full in the back and he shot forward, and down.

By now the driver of the 'bus was dragging desperately at the reins, while I clutched their bridles and forced them backwards. The animals reared and kicked, their hoofs clattering on the stone-paved street, but with a soft thud now and then as on something yielding. The man underneath had not uttered a sound. We got him out at last, a limp, huddled mass. Blood was running down one side of his face, making streaks of the dust.

Already a crowd had gathered, a policeman was there and someone had gone for the ambulance.

The man stretched out slowly and gazed upwards. I could see the violent beating of the pulse in his neck, but from his expression of absorbed serenity he might have been contemplating a vision in the sky.

People looked at each other, wondering who would be the first to do something, and a sad-faced woman with a shawl over her head wailed: "The bloomin' ambulance! Why don't it come?"

At last the constable, mindful of his duty to prevent obstruction of the passing traffic, said he must be got on to the pavement.

"Come, lend a hand, will you?" he said, addressing me.

I put my hands under the man's shoulders and had got him partly raised, when he broke in:

"Put me down, you fool! Can't you see my arm's broken?"

The tone of healthy temper was startling.

"Better wait for the stretcher," came the casual remark. "You'll only knock me about."

The man was far from clean, and miserably dressed, but the accents were unmistakably cultured, and I felt interest mingling with pity. There was something about the cynical composure that thrilled. I knelt down and wiped his face. Lined though it was, his age was probably little more than thirty, and he bore more evidences of mental strain than vice.

"Bad, eh?" I queried.

"Bashed in," he said, and his chin jerked upwards with a laugh.

Two men came running up with a stretcher and set it down beside him. The man turned eyes in a white, drawn face, eyes that were unCannily amused, then he clenched his teeth as they hoisted him on to it.

I spoke to the constable in an undertone.

"My house is close by. Can I take him there? A friend of mine is an excellent doctor."

"If you like," he said with some surprise, after a good look at me.

I walked abreast of the men with their load, and a few curious individuals from the dispersing crowd formed a procession behind.

The injured man still gazed upwards with an absorbed stare.

"Is there anything I can do?" I asked him, avoiding the note of sympathy.

He looked at me sideways. "Do? In what way?"

"Can I wire any friends?"

"Pooh, man! Look at me!"

It was convincing, but I persisted.

"But isn't there anybody?"

He laughed.

"Got the big heart of a fool, have you? No"—with grim content—"I'm one of the failures."

The thought flashed over me that he had sought this deliberately, and there seemed nothing else to say.

"Here we are!" I told the men. "Be careful up the steps!"

"Wait! What's this? What are you going to do?"

"I want you to come into my place to be seen to," I replied.

He regarded me curiously.

"Want the expense of a funeral?" he asked.

"Stuff! You'll pull through."

"No," he said calmly, and quoted Mercutio, "'tis enough; 'twill serve."

"Bring him in," I ordered. "Careful, you idiot!" as a jolt changed the man's smile into a grin of pain.

I led the way into the sitting-room, and had him laid on a couch, then ran upstairs and telephoned for the doctor. My wife came out of her room, dressed in walking costume, and I hurriedly explained all that was necessary.

"I'll come down," she said promptly.

"No; you'd better not," I said. Somehow I knew that he would not want a woman to see him.

"Well, I'll wait for the doctor," she said.

When I got back into the room blood was coming from his lips, and his face had gone grey.

"Isn't it rather unnecessary to indulge endurance?" I said, giving him brandy.

"That's better!" he gasped, when it had passed down his throat. I stood watching him in silence.

Abruptly, like the break-up of a sheet of ice, his stoicism gave way.

"God! What a mess!" he said, of himself, and his hurt, and his life.

He raised his uninjured right hand, and stared at it critically, wonderingly, as if it were the tangible presentment of all that he had ever desired or accomplished.

I turned away from him and walked over to the window.

He called me presently in a whisper.

"Will you come here?"

I went, and gripped his hand between both of mine.

"I'm sorry," he said, with a faint smile. "I was always a nuisance to somebody."

"Don't be an ass!"

He squeezed my hands, then loosed them.

"I could have saved myself, you know."

I nodded.

He went on haltingly: "But it wasn't altogether intentional; only a sort of momentary doubt—as to whether it was all—worth while."

"That's all right," I said, for it seemed that this was his way of thanking me.

"That's what makes failures—doubt," he summed up.

I waited a moment, and then stole over to the window, turbulently anxious for the doctor.

When I looked again his glance was roaming round my room.

"It's the luck of the game," I said, for it was hateful that he should draw the inevitable comparison.

"No; it's the struggle that counts," he replied, almost wistfully.

I started. Life so far had been unbroken ease for me, but if he spoke truth— Before it could be restrained the confession had burst from me:

"And I—I have never struggled."

He made no comment, but it seemed that he, the self-confessed failure, was pitying me. A little later he asked for a cigarette.

I placed one between his lips and held the match for him. He inhaled greedily, and then took it away to examine the brand. The tip of the cigarette was stained red. He indicated it with a finger and a quaintly humorous look. It was plain that he meant it epitomised his life—a stain!

"It's my last," he said; "but it's good."

I began to see that he was right, for his breath was coming in little gasps.

"No, don't go," he said hastily, as I was making for the door.

"I want you to do something for me. Will you? Ah, yes, I know. Well; put your hand into my vest pocket, the one over my heart." He smiled. "There's a little packet there. Bring it out."

I did so. It was something covered with a piece of chamois; a locket, as I afterwards knew.

"Give it me!" he exclaimed suddenly, in an anguished tone, as if I were going to rob him of it. He took it and held it close. By-and-by he spoke again, with great difficulty, but in urgent command, as if time were short.

"Sit down, and write this note. I want it sent after I'm gone. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

"Just this: 'Dear Marjorie,—I sought the foot of the rainbow for seven years, but it seems that it takes rather longer than that.' Got that? Sign it 'Jim.' Got that? Now the address—Miss Marjorie Graham——"

My pen scrawled across the paper. This was ghastly! The man had mentioned the name of my wife! He went on with the address—her home address, from which I had married her two years before. "Got that?" I heard him ask.

"Yes," I mumbled.

"Then that's all." He sighed comfortably.

What in the name of pity was to be done? A minute ago I had heard her footsteps in the room above—the woman he had lived and failed for.

Even now it makes me curse that I hesitated before springing to my feet.

"Not Miss Graham of Gloucester?" I said, with vast astonishment.

He looked at me stupidly.

"What do you know about her?" he demanded, and his brows drew down to a straight line.

"Only that she's a friend of mine and staying in this house."

He struggled desperately to get up.

"Wait! Lie still! I'll fetch her."

"No!" It was almost a scream. "I must go. She mustn't see me—like this!"

He began to laugh; thick, coughing laughter.

"Man, man!" he cried, as I stared at him aghast. "Can't you see the humour of it? I'm going to die—mad!"

Marjorie came in.

Whether his cries had alarmed her, or whether something told her heart of his presence I don't know and shall never ask. She went to him swiftly.

He looked at her, and looked. The pain and madness passed from his face as if wiped clean with a sponge, and it shone with a warm light, like the reflection of the dying sun on a window.

"You?" was all he said.

"Yes. I've come."

"You." His voice sank deep. "You."

She knelt down and smoothed his hair, and kissed him.

"What has life done to you, my poor Jim?" she said.

It had not been given to me to hear her voice like that, and I knew who was the failure.

"It has been a bit too big," he said slowly. "But it doesn't matter now."

I went away. It was sacrilege to remain.

The last I heard was:

"It's you—you!"

The doctor came soon after, and my wife met him at the door.

"You're too late," she said quietly.

RAPID PHYSICAL DEVELOPMENT

A WEEKLY FEATURE.
Conducted by
F. G. MITCHELL, M.A.

ATHLETE'S HEART.

There has been some talk in the medical journals of late with regard to "athlete's heart."

In a letter signed by five of the leading specialists it was stated that "cross-country races are wholly unsuitable for boys under the age of 19."

The average "boy" of 18 feels, I imagine, quite capable of a cross-country run of rather more than a mile in length.

There is no doubt that excessive indulgence in some forms of exercise is very apt to cause permanent, or at any rate temporary, injury to the heart, and that some sports—rowing for instance—are more dangerous in this respect than others.

Before going in for any very violent form of exercise you should certainly have your heart tested by a doctor once for all.

Moreover, no one under the age of 18 ought to be compelled to run more than 7 or 8 miles, but at the public schools to-day the longer runs are usually purely voluntary. With most indeed, such as the longest of all, the 14 mile Crick Run at Rugby, the competitor must go through a searching test, and be above a certain age.

If you take the precaution to satisfy yourself as to the condition of your heart before placing any great strain upon it you have not much to fear from athlete's heart. The danger lies in continuing the exertion after some weakness has shown itself.

GOING UP STAIRS.

A useful exercise for developing the muscles of the leg, and more especially of the calf, can be practised every time you go up stairs.

A useful every day exercise.

Instead of bounding up anyhow, two stairs at a time, go up as slowly as you can, pausing on each step, while you are raising one foot, to rise upon the toes of the other.

It must be done slowly and deliberately, and the knees must be raised high, as though you were doing a "goose step."

The tensing of all the leg muscles as you rise on tiptoe will have a great effect on their development, and the exercise is such an easy one that it can be practised at odd times during the day with very little expense of time or trouble.

BOILS ON THE NECK.

Several readers have written to ask me for a cure for boils. Most men seem to suffer from them at some time or other, and it is very difficult to know how to treat them.

One is often told that the best method of prevention is to keep the blood in as healthy a condition as possible. This is to a great extent true, and physical culture, fresh air, baths, and plenty of exercise will do much to stave them off. But it is a curious fact that they are by no means restricted to those who have been "pulled down" by a recent illness, or who are of weak physique, but even the athlete in the pink of condition is subject to them. In fact they are often the concomitants of a high degree of training.

Very often they are due simply to local irritation, especially on the neck, and may be avoided by wearing a slightly larger collar. It is best, when a boil appears, to substitute a silk or other soft handkerchief for the collar. Avoid flannel collars, for they only increase the irritation.

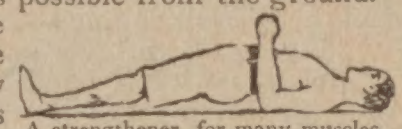
Some recommend the lancing of a boil, but it is advisable not to attempt this yourself, as it must be properly dressed afterwards. Others again attempt to nip them in the bud by means of various external applications or caustics. But these are apt to be dangerous and should be left for the doctor or the chemist to apply.

There is no recognised cure for boils, one can but keep the body in as good condition as possible, avoid all unnecessary irritation of the skin—and pray to escape them.

FOR THIGHS AND ABDOMEN.

Lie on your back on the floor. Bend the arms at the elbows, and let the toes point straight upwards.

Then take a deep breath and raise the centre of the body as far as possible from the ground.



A strengthener for many muscles.

Finally raise the elbows, until the weight of the body rests on the heels and the shoulders, being supported especially by the muscles of the abdomen and the back of the thighs.

Remain in this position as long as your breath holds out, keeping the small of the back arched as much as possible.

This exercise may be practised several times together, but should not be continued after the muscles most exerted begin to feel tired.

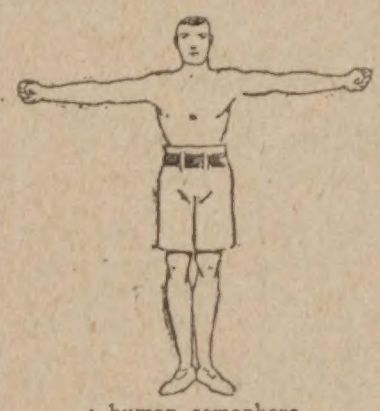
Another method is to get three chairs, of which the middle one should be a light cane seated one, and place them in a row so that you can lie on them, resting the back of your head on one and your heels on another.

Then remove the middle chair, lift it over your body, and replace it the other side.

SHOULDERS AND CHEST.

Stand at attention, heels together and chest thrown well out.

Clench the fists as they hang at the sides and tense the muscles of the arm.



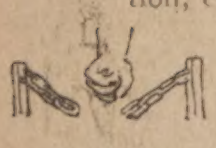
A human semaphore.

Then raise the arms slowly, pausing when they are at an angle of 45° with the legs, again when they are in the position shown in the sketch, and also when they are halfway between that and the perpendicular.

When they are above the head, force the thumbs together, taking care not to hollow the chest at the same time, nor to relax the arm muscles.

Then return the arms slowly to the sides, pausing in the same positions, as if you were signalling in the semaphore code.

Semaphore flag-wagging, by the way, is a very fine exercise for the arms and chest, if it is done with proper vim, as well as developing the quickness of the brain; and those of my readers who are Territorials will do well to go through the signalling course at headquarters, or in camp—to say nothing of the fun of the thing.



FINGER EXERCISES.

THE SHORTEST CUT TO HAND DEVELOPMENT

There are a hundred reasons why a man should take trouble to make his hands strong. Finger strength pays in most trades, and in nearly every sport, and its acquirement is worthy of cultivation.

Nor is the process a troublesome one. As for expense, it costs nothing but four or five minutes of your valuable time each day.

I suggest that you begin by practising these exercises for, say, a couple of minutes each morning and the same time each night. They had better be done after your other physical culture exercises rather than before them.

1st EXERCISE: This is to be done with an ordinary newspaper.

Tear the paper into its separate leaves and crush them up together so as to form one large soft ball. On no account must you make the ball of a folded paper, for that would give you an inequality of hardness, and there would be corners which would not suit our purpose.

The exercise is as simple as it is effective. Take the paper ball, and with the tips of your fingers crush it into its smallest bulk. Don't roll it between your palms, but force it together with fair even pressure from your finger tips only. However compact you make the ball, do not be satisfied; force it into smaller and smaller compass till your fingers begin to ache.

The same ball may be used again and again, provided you pull the folds from each other a bit before starting the exercise.

2nd EXERCISE: This time take a newspaper and fold it till it is small and thick. If you fold it to about six inches long and three wide, it will be somewhere near right.

Now try to tear the paper across. If you are unable to do so, refold it so that it is just a trifle thinner. If you can do it easily, fold it thicker. The great thing is to have it so that only by exerting the utmost strength of your fingers can you tear it at all.

This is the best possible training for the familiar feat of tearing a pack of cards, and it develops certain finger muscles which are not affected by the previous exercise.

3rd EXERCISE: Lay the hand, palm downwards, flat on a table, and rest a small weight on the nail of the first finger.

Now raise this finger as far as possible without allowing any of the others either to bend or to leave the table.

This is a capital exercise, and is well worth the slight trouble which you will be put to in securing a suitable weight for its execution.

There is no great advantage in the balancing of the weight, so you should use one with a hollow bottom, which will make things considerably easier. You cannot do better than take a piece of lead piping, beat it flat, and bend it into an arch.

The weight must be regulated according to your strength, but in no case should it be over heavy, as it is better to tire the fingers with frequent repetition of the exercise rather than by forcing them to lift something which they are scarcely fit for.

4th EXERCISE: Take a piece of stout cardboard—an old cardboard box will do—and tear off a small piece, tear this again in half, and go on tearing each half until you get to pieces so infinitesimal that you can tear no longer.

It differs from the 2nd exercise, in that the important point is not the amount of resistance but the smallness of the thing torn.

It will require the fullest exertion of the fingers used even to get a grip of the first pieces of cardboard, and since one cannot use leverage, as with a large surface, it is an excellent method of strengthening the fingers as opposed to the palms.

For those who are musical I need hardly add that piano-playing is a splendid hand-developer, and half an hour's practice daily works wonders.

D. LISTER.

NOT WORTH WHILE.

SOME REFLECTIONS.

ome years ago, two journalists were invited start a new series of articles in a certain rnal.

oth were young men, anxious to excel in the st hazardous of professions.

hey were to divide the work between them, they were told that the feature might or ght not be continued after a few months.

ne journalist accepted the terms offered, the er demurred at them, and said that he did think it would be worth his while to take a temporary job for the sake of a few pounds.

he first journalist has so far drawn over ,000 from the paper, and is still drawing from The original feature lasted, and moreover was given additional work, and so the man o did not think it worth his while lost a very cent and steady income.

Little things often lead to big things, and as rule it is foolish to refuse work.

It is an axiom with journalists never to de- ne a job, or to say you can't do a thing, and the whole this is sound advice.

At the same time, it is not wise in journalism any profession to undertake work you know u cannot perform, for then you simply get a d name with your employer, and are put down incompetent all round.

On the other hand, it is very true that a man ver knows what he can do until he tries, and hen you are offered work that you think is yond your powers, there is no harm in saying, Well, I am not sure that I can do this, but if u will let me have a shot at it, I'll do my best."

But there are so many men of the "Not-worth- ile" type. There is, for example, the British erchant. Here is an extract from "Commer- al Intelligence": "There are hundreds of firms this country who are only willing to do business abroad, if it can be done with no more ouble than is necessary at home."

There is the young man who thinks it is not orth while playing cricket, unless the pitch is ce a billiard table, or won't go shooting or shing unless assured of a good bag or basket. nything that involves effort or trouble is "not orth while," and the end of him is that nothing worth while, and he becomes a vegetable.

Then there is the man who thinks it is not orth while to be civil to everybody, however umble their position. That is a great mis- ke; to put it on no higher ground, it "pays" be courteous to everybody, for you never now when by some turn of fortune's wheel a an beneath you may not be above you, or in a osition to help you or do you an injury.

Many men think it is not worth while to per- rm a simple duty for which there is no tangible eward.

Recently there died a man, who, unknown to s fellows, was a rich man. He had taken an ctive part in church work, and when his will as opened, it was found that he directed therein at each of twelve deacons with whom he had een associated, who attended his funeral, should eceive a bequest of £1,000. Not a single eacon had attended the funeral! They hought it was "not worth while."

Then there is the man who thinks it is "not orth while" being honest, because dishonest hen seem to prosper. Poor, deluded fool.

Finally, there is the "not-worth-while" who on't make an effort. He says "Oh, it's no se my trying to do such and such a thing. I an't do it; it's not worth while." He is a poor reature, a very poor creature.

Of course, there are things that are "not worth hile." It is never worth while making nemies. It is never worth while swapping orses crossing a stream, or using a sledge- ammer to crush a butterfly. But these are natters of common sense, in which the "not- orth-while" man is usually conspicuously acking.

He is apt to end by thinking that life itself is not worth while," and certainly his life is not worth much.

LEONARD BOARDMAN.

SPORTING STORIES

ALL ONE TO JOHN.

John, the groom, had taken out the Major's new hunter for exercise, which was, of course, exactly as it should be, the only trouble being that the horse knew its business a good deal better than John.

Be not surprised to learn then, dear reader, that before very long John was thrown off. Unfortunately his head struck a stone, and, his foot sticking in the stirrup, he sprained his ankle rather badly. When he picked himself up he made a valiant attempt to mount again, but it was no use. He could scarcely walk.

Two hours later the Major received the following note: "Dear Sir,—Having sprained my ankle that bad I can't walk, and the horse not being able to find its way home without me, would you be so kind as to send William over with the dog-cart to fetch us both. I am writing this on the sofa at Mr. Cooper's."

In due course William and the dog-cart arrived at Mr. Cooper's, but there was no injured John there, nor had anyone even heard of an accident. William was driving home again when he met a yokel who informed him that the lost John was at Mr. Cholmondeley's, and thither William set out.

"You chump!" he remarked to John. "Why did you say you were at Mr. Cooper's?"

"Well, you see," said John, "I couldn't spell Cholmondeley."

ENCOURAGEMENT.

THE NOVICE (to riding-master): "Am I making any progress?"

THE RIDING-MASTER: "Oh, yes, sir. You fall off much more gracefully than you did when you started."

THE CAPTIVE.

Sheerluck Jones is a private detective, and one morning he came across one of those little streaks of fortune that justify his first name. Two policemen, perspiring and badly blown, came running down the street at a pace nearly approaching that of an ordinary walker.

"A prisoner escaped," shouted one to Jones.

Sheerluck Jones has always worked on lines of his own, and so he took a different direction from the official pursuers. Presently he came to a square, in which stood a man closely bound with ropes, the centre of a gaping crowd.

"They're all afraid to go near him," said Jones, "but I've had a cup of beef tea and vegetable extract for breakfast, and my courage is above par."

With that he caught the bound man by the neck, rushed him into a cab, seated himself beside him, and ordered the cabby to drive to the police station.

It was a moment of triumph for Sheerluck Jones.

"You, you, you!" remarked the prisoner when he got his breath back. "You've interrupted my show just when I had almost released myself. Don't you know that I'm the man nobody can tie? There was an old lady getting a penny out of her stocking just when you interfered, and that would have made my takings for the day fourpence halfpenny. You, you, you!"

And as the cab rounded the corner Sheerluck Jones met the two policemen with the escaped malefactor between them.

THE REMITTANCE MAN.

A COLONIAL TYPE.

A "remittance man" is the ne'er-do-well or black sheep of a family that has sent him to the colonies—Canada, Australia, or New Zealand for choice—purely and simply to be rid of him. His conduct has been a disgrace in the old country, and his people prefer to keep him out of sight and afford him no further opportunity of dragging their good name in the mire.

So long as he agrees to remain out there, an exile, he is sent sums of money regularly. Hence the name "remittance man."

Occasionally it happens that their only fault is the possession of high spirits, allied to a rather severe male parent who has looked sternly upon some boyish escapade, such as 'varsity men are wont to indulge in.

But generally it is weakness of character—complete lack of backbone—that makes remittance men; and so, though they may go out to the colony with a considerable sum of money and valuable introductions, or possibly to a good situation, they almost invariably prove failures out there, as at home. They lose position and friends, drift lower and lower in the social scale, until the name of remittance man is changed to that of "beachcomber."

The beachcomber is a low, idle vagabond who would cut your throat for the price of a drink. Originally the beachcomber was one who gathered wreckage on the shore—combed it, in other words, for what he could rake up. As he was not above deliberately wrecking vessels and plundering and murdering the shipwrecked, the term came to mean any blackguardly character who preys upon his fellow-men, and more particularly upon sailors.

It was from the ranks of the remittance men that some of the most notorious bushrangers of Australia sprang. The original "Captain Starlight," the famous chivalrous, gentlemanly bushranger in Rolf Boldrewood's "Robbery under Arms," was a remittance man, whose real name was Frank Pearson.

Henry Garrett, who stuck up a bank single-handed by affixing a notice outside, "Bank closed for half an hour, by order," and "Captain Melville," were also wild bloods of the remittance man type.

One of the most pathetic of characters was Owen Henry Suffolk, the poet bushranger. His life was a constant struggle between his worse and his better nature. Originally a junior post-office clerk in London, in a moment of weakness and temptation, he opened a money-letter. He proved to possess conspicuous ability, even while serving his sentence of transportation. On his release he joined a gang of bushrangers and robbed the Ballarat and Bendigo mailcoaches, stole horses, and, being captured, escaped.

Nevertheless, he would be melted to tears at any recollection of his early life and home. The following are the opening lines of a beautiful and most touching poem found in his camp, pinned below an advertisement in a newspaper, from his heart-broken mother in England, imploring him to make his whereabouts known:

Mother! darling mother, you are seeking me, I know,
And I feel thy love will follow through the world, where'er I go;
But I cannot come, dear mother; I am sadly altered now;
The once fair wreath of innocence that garlanded my brow
Has faded, ne'er to bloom again; and from the things of yore—
The fair, the good, the beautiful—I'm severed evermore.
My onward way must be a path of darkness and of pain,
But I must tread it all alone—I cannot come again.

If parents in England who send their sons out to the colonies as farm pupils only knew the kind of company the young fellows are often thrown amongst, they would never dream of thinking thus to make better men of them. It is vile associates that help to drag down the remittance man.

JOHN G. ROWE.

From Your Fellow Readers.

A FINE POINT.

I have often noticed, when travelling in railway trains, and especially when coming up to business in the morning, that although a man will pick up and read a paper that has been left in the carriage by a fellow-passenger, he will very seldom take it away with him when he too gets out.

If he does so he will probably wait until no one is looking on, or at least will look very sheepish as he appropriates it.

What is it that prevents him? The paper is clearly not wanted by the buyer, and as rubbish his fellow-passenger has as much right to it as anyone else.

Is there a sort of idea that it may have been meant for the porter?

It cannot be the fear of a possible infectious disease, or the man would not touch it at all.

Is it merely a matter of feeling, a fear of being considered mean, or a little point of good form or of etiquette?

Whatever it is, I only know that while I should have no hesitation in picking up and reading a derelict paper if I wanted to do so, I should probably not venture to remove it at my journey's end—unless perhaps I were alone, for I should certainly not be conscious of doing anything wrong.

'WARE CORK.

If you order a bottle of Bass or Guinness at a bar and see it opened by one of those mechanical contrivances which appear to extract the cork so easily, it is worth while looking for the piece of cork that you are almost certain to find on the top of the froth.

The explanation is, I suppose, that the point of the corkscrew is very blunt, and that it drives out a considerable piece from the bottom of the cork.

The wise man, therefore, will be on the lookout for this, for the consequences of swallowing cork are very unpleasant, as it swells inside you.

OFFICE EXTRAVAGANCE.

As one in a responsible position in a large City office I have often noticed that the working expenses seem abnormally high, and quite out of all proportion to those of smaller offices in the same line of business.

I have recently, therefore, kept a sharp watch on the amount of stationery, stamps and so on which is used.

I find the office-boys using printed forms for scribbling paper, the clerks using two or three steel pens a day, paper clips being thrown into the waste paper basket with the papers they kept together, and blotting paper, pencils and so on consumed at an appalling rate.

In a small office where the supply is not so large, and the eye of the employer is upon the consumption of it, the expenses are not proportionately great, and there is no doubt that extravagance is often engendered by having a large supply always ready to hand.

Many a man in the office or works of a big company is recklessly extravagant with the firm's notepaper or other property, or in the matter of money for "expenses."

If you buy your cigarettes by the thousand you will find that you are a great deal more extravagant with them than if you buy packets of ten.

So the housewife finds with groceries. The reduction on taking a quantity is more than counterbalanced by the extravagance to which the quantity leads.

OVERCOATS.

We live in a climate which can play us some extraordinary tricks, and I have often noticed that the average Englishman plays with it as if his one desire in life were to die of pneumonia as soon as possible.

The one man who is consistent is the man who never wears an overcoat at all. Those who always wear one are few and far between.

But how often do you see a man nowadays—especially a young man—muffled up on a comparatively warm day in a heavy overcoat and woollen scarf, while you are quite likely to meet him next day, when the thermometer is well below zero, in a light overcoat, or none at all.

Again a man will often wear an overcoat all through the day, whenever he goes out, and then after nightfall, when it is many degrees colder, he will sally forth to post a letter, or to go and see a friend, without even putting a hat on.

That is the way to catch cold. Observe moderation and consistency where your overcoat is concerned and you will be all right. Never muffle yourself up too warmly, and if you decide that a certain temperature demands an overcoat, put it on whenever the thermometer shows that temperature or less, and not only now and then.

The "hatless brigade" are guilty of a similar kind of idiocy.

After you have been sitting in a hot room, if you suddenly go out into the cold air, you naturally need some further protection both for head and body than that which you have been wearing indoors.

It is all very well to talk about being hardy, but it is better to keep fit.

RABBIT SHOOTING.

To the novice who goes rabbit shooting these few hints will be found useful.

Always start walking against the wind, and keep the gun pointing in the direction you are walking, because rabbits are very keen sighted, and would notice the gun more readily if it were carried crossways as it so often is.

They are also possessed of a keen scent, and if you walk with the wind they scent you from a very long distance.

Again if you walk with the wind, any noise you may happen to make, by treading on dead twigs for example, is carried a great distance by the wind; this is, of course, prevented by walking against the wind.

If there is a large burrow, you can look for a rabbit that is "put up" to make for the burrow, and therefore you must get yourself in a position to intercept it on its course.

Very fine sport may be had at this time of the year, when there is a little dry frost, by working the hedge-rows with a good dog, and taking particular notice of these few hints.

Always see that your hammers are down, or if you use a hammerless gun, that you put the slide at safe, before getting over a stile or gate, or getting through a gap in the hedge. Nine out of every ten accidents are caused through this bit of carelessness.

WANTED—A SMART PAR.

Our one regret in connection with this, our only competition, is that every week we are obliged to disappoint some hundreds of readers.

It is some satisfaction, however, to know that being good sportsmen, they take the fortune of war in good spirit, and to see many having another try.

Have you had a shot yet? We give a guinea every week for the best paragraph sent in, and 5s. for every other used.

Send something with a bit of dash in it—not more than 250 words.

Address all paragraphs to the Paragraph Editor, The Modern Man, Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

Under no circumstances can paragraphs be returned.

This week the guinea goes to Mr. W. Millingham, junr., Carlton Villa, Stoke Road, Aston Field, Bromsgrove, Birmingham, for "Rabbit Shooting."

PETTY THIEVING.

An objectionable habit which has sprung up of late years, and of which our American cousins are especially guilty, is that of souvenir stealing.

When you visit a new part of the world, or the scene of some great event, you naturally want to possess some memento of the occasion. It may be a sign of a weak memory and a poor imagination, but the fact is so, and the more places you have seen, the more you desire a souvenir which may help you to some extent to distinguish one place from another.

The picture postcard has done much to satisfy this craze, but many people want something more original than that.

Thus it has become the fashion deliberately to steal souvenirs which are often by no means worthless. Some travellers, for instance, "collect" a spoon from each hotel at which they stay; others remove priceless relics of antiquity, or even objects of worship, with as little feeling as if they were so much dirt.

Is it not time that public opinion, which is far more powerful than any law, put a stop to this disgusting practice?

Collect souvenirs if you will—I do myself—but restrict yourself to objects not only of no intrinsic value, but of no artistic or sentimental value to others. A leaf, a stone, a faded flower, should be enough to call back the memories you wish to perpetuate, without the stealing of plates, cards, pictures, plate, matchboxes, and the hundred and one other things that are stolen from public "show places."

BLACKING BROWN BOOTS.

One is often asked for a method of converting brown boots into black, if they happen to have become stained, or for any other cause.

Many methods are given which are, however, all more or less useless. Rubbing the boots with a potato is one of these which is often put forward.

The only real means of effecting the transformation is to get from a saddler some black leather dye, such as is used in the trade.

Here you have a really efficacious method of blacking the leather permanently. You must be careful, however, to have the eyelet holes and hooks changed, for it is not, so far as I know, possible to change the colour of these, unless it be done roughly by means of paint. But the cost of having new black ones put in is so small that it is worth while making the transformation complete.

KNOWING YOUR BALANCE.

A certain well-known London business man was recently greatly vexed to receive a cheque of his own which had been returned by the bank. He had overdrawn his account to the extent of £20 or so.

The majority of banks, where a man's financial position was so assured, would have paid out the amount of the cheque and politely notified their client of the state of affairs.

The latter, of course, had he known the amount of his balance, would at once have paid in sufficient to meet all demands, but his annoyance with the conduct of the bank was so great that he at once withdrew his account, and removed his valuable custom elsewhere.

He was, however, very largely to blame himself. It was his business to know what his balance was, and he might have done so had he adopted the simple expedient of keeping it made up to date on the back of the counterfoils of his cheque book, adding the amount and a note of the source of cheques paid in.

On the back of the first counterfoil in a new book write down the balance that you start with. Then write below it the amount of the cheque on the other side, and the balance remaining to your credit.

This will then be staring you in the face while you are writing the next cheque, and if you do this every time you write a cheque you will only need to refer to your pass-book occasionally to verify it.

Richard Selby: Englishman

A NEW SERIES OF COMPLETE STORIES.

By ADAM STERN.

I. THE GERMAN DEFEAT.

Thud: tap-tap: Clang!

The sleeve of the begrimed shirt, rolled up nearly to the shoulder, laid bare a blackened arm on which the muscles knotted and the sinews sprang into prominence as the hammer rose and fell. The iron, drawn white-hot from the forge, sprayed sparks and dulled into resentful red as Richard wrought it into oval links. Trailing away from the pincers gripped in his left hand were several feet of chain that he had already made that day.

There were six other men working in the same shed as himself, one of them his father, and the metallic ring of iron on iron was unceasing.

It was the dusk of an evening in early March, and as Richard revived the fire with the bellows the glowing coke lit up his face, throwing into relief the dominant forehead, now gleaming with sweat; the square chin, and the wide, firm-lipped mouth.

Born twenty years ago in that part of England so aptly named the Black Country, and apprenticed, like his father before him, to the chain trade as a matter of course, Richard for several years had worked at the forge with the blind habit that is partly an inherited faculty and partly the result of unawakened intelligence. Among the older men of the district this deadened individuality was general. Those who had escaped it, or more rightly, fought free from it, of which Mr. Guest who employed him was an example, had become owners of works themselves, but always in connection with some branch of the iron trade. Seldom was it known for a man to overcome the strange but unquestionable fascination that iron exerts over those who handle and work it.

Richard was not free from its influence. To mould the stubborn metal to his will gave him joy without his knowing why. He had a passion for action and, though his opportunities for sport were few, whenever they came he exhausted his superabundant energy on them with a fierce earnestness, eloquent of primitive virility.

But now his dormant being was astir, stretching with slow yet irresistible power, and threatening hourly to burst its cramped environs. Richard had no understanding of it; he was conscious only of an inward restlessness that made him silent and sullen and culminated sometimes in outbreaks of rage.

It began to affect his work. He knew that he was working badly to-day. Now and again hot spurts of blood made him bring down the hammer viciously as if to beat out on the iron his unreasoning distemper. But the effort gave no relief and meant only that he had to pound the over-flattened bar into shape again.

Mr. Hezekiah Guest, who had been touring the several open sheds that constituted his works to give instructions in various quarters, halted in passing to watch Richard. He was a short, burly man with close-cropped black beard, shrewd eyes and a general appearance of rough severity. No man in the district knew his trade better and none had a sounder bank balance, yet his hardest task was to sign his name.

He liked Richard's concentrated absorption, the dexterous way his left hand twisted the iron into place for the thumping right; from bar to link with scarcely a hammer stroke wasted. He could hardly improve on that himself and the chain Richard was forging was cable, the best and heaviest the works turned out.

"When'll that order be done, Richard?" he asked, coming up.

"To-morrow."

"I've another in that's wanted Friday week, certain."

"How much?"

"'Alf a ton. Can yo' take it on?"

"Means overtime," said Richard. "Sixpence a hundred more."

"Price won't stand it. Threepence!"

"No-p. Sixpence," said Richard tersely. Trade was good and he knew it could be afforded.

"Right!" said Mr. Guest, who was also a man of few words, and he strode off briskly to his office. It was significant that he realised argument to be useless.

Presently a sustained whistle announced six o'clock, and most of the men put on their coats and proceeded to charge black clay pipes. Richard called his father as he went by.

"Tell 'em I shan't be home till after eight," he said.

"Maybe yo'll be there as soon as me," was the reply. "I tho't o' callin' in at 'The 'Are an' 'Ounds' fust."

"'The Hare and Hounds' on Wednesday!" commented Richard, whose compulsory education had freed him to a great extent from the local dialect.

His father grinned triumphantly.

"Yo'd better drop in as well. Yo' might 'ear someat interestin'."

"O-ah!" said Richard non-committally, and bent to his work again. If his father had any money left on Mondays he generally took a holiday in order to spend it, but Wednesday? Richard wondered.

II.

Later on when he swung into the crowded taproom of "The Hare and Hounds" there was no sign of Selby senior, but the barman beckoned him and told him to go upstairs to the private parlour. It was a room used on occasions for smoking concerts, and Richard hesitated. He wanted to get cleaned, and then stride out into the buffeting night and fight down this intangible trouble that possessed him. However, he went up to see what was in progress, but he had to shout his name through a locked door before he was admitted.

"It's only young Selby; 'e's all right," said Price, who was foreman at Guest's works.

There were several other chain makers in the room and a couple of well-dressed strangers. All were partaking of a hearty supper, and evidently beer had been flowing in plenty, for the men's usual look of depression had surrendered to conviviality.

"Come on, my lad, join in!"

Richard seated himself in silence. Whatever it all meant, this was good enough to go on with.

"Yo' wouldn't mind this for always, eh?" said his father.

"Might manage it, if 'e's a good lad," observed Price waggishly. "The best for 'is age round 'ere," he confided to the elder of the strangers, a keen-faced man with a military moustache.

"Good! I am glad to see him."

Richard fed as absorbedly as he worked. It would be clear presently why he and the others were being entertained by Germans. Meanwhile, the roast beef was prime.

"Now, I think we might get to business," said the stranger, whose betraying accent was barely perceptible. "My offer is that where you receive one sovereign now we shall pay two. You will tell us the price per hundredweight that you get for the various sizes and we will double it. Your passages will be paid and we shall give you an engagement for twelve months at least."

"The families, Mr. Wolff," prompted Price, who appeared to be spokesman for his party.

"Ah, yes! We think that it would be better for them to come later, when you have got accustomed to the place."

There were several dissents. The men were transparently impressed with a sense of their importance and anxious to find an opportunity to emphasise it.

"That wouldn't suit me," growled one of them.

"Nor me."

"Very well! I give way on that," conceded Mr. Wolff, with lips alone that smiled. "Those of you who want to bring their families can do so, particularly if there are some that have grown up to the trade."

"There's Richard there," said Selby senior, rather thickly. "'E'll come, right enough. A good lad 'e is, an' I don't care——"

"Yes; we must have you as well," said Mr. Wolff.

Richard gazed at him with distant thoughtfulness. With his rough clothes and collarless neck he looked dirty and unkempt in the bright light of the room, but Mr. Wolff's smile was altogether admiring.

"D'you mean you want to take some of us over to Germany to teach you how to make chain?" asked Richard.

Mr. Wolff glanced keenly and was satisfied no irony was meant.

"Oh, no!" he replied instantly. "Not to teach us: to make it in our country. You are much more skilful workmen than my countrymen would ever be, and the duty makes it too dear to import."

"And you take us on for a year?"

"Yes; at double wages."

"And what after?"

"Shut it, Richard!" exclaimed Price. "If it's good enough for us it's the same for yo', ain't it?"

"Are you going?" Richard asked him.

"Never you mind!"

"Mr. Price has acted as my agent and got these friends together," explained Mr. Wolff pleasantly.

"Well, not exactly," said Price hurriedly. He was not anxious for it to become known that he was in the pay of this man.

"Have you arranged with any other men?" continued Richard, addressing the stranger.

"No; you're the first I've had the pleasure of interviewing so far. Now, might I ask how much you earn per week?"

"You can ask," said Richard casually, "but I'll see you in hell before I answer."

"'Ere! 'Ere!" came in a protest. They were getting fond of Mr. Wolff by now.

But that gentleman raised a deprecating hand. He would know how to deal with this.

"Come now, I won't be ungenerous," he said, smiling. "You shall be paid any figure you like in reason."

Richard's gaze was rather baffling. It might be stupid, or too comprehending. Whichever it was Mr. Wolff recognised an opponent, and he had never found money fail to weaken opposition.

Richard was deep, and therefore he thought deeply. This capacity for concealing his thoughts was to serve him well in after life. Just now he was wondering whether he should get up and bash the stranger's face, or whether it would be more effective to inform the district of his purpose here. There wouldn't be much left of the stranger either way; nor the fair man with him who looked on and said nothing. Mr. Wolff watched him closely during this momentary pause, but Richard merely looked abstracted.

"When do you want us?" asked Richard.

"As soon as you will be good enough to decide," answered Mr. Wolff amiably. "I want to get a dozen men by the early part of next

week, if possible."

"Why not all meet 'ere Sunday night?" suggested Price to the company at large. "Yo'll want to talk it over with the missus, I reckon, but yo' needn't tell 'er who the offer comes from. We want it kept as dark as we can."

That night Richard went to bed happy. He had got something to do, and now he realised that was what he had lacked all his life. It occurred to him that he had been born to do something. He couldn't guess what it might be, but the thought thrilled him.

III.

Mr. Wolff, with his secretary, was staying at "The George," which is the only hotel in the town of Moulden, Staffordshire, another object of his visit, and the open one, being to obtain orders from the local works for German bar-iron. As his prices, delivered in Moulden, were about ten shillings per ton cheaper than British, he had raked in a heap of orders and altogether the journey promised to be highly satisfactory.

The following Sunday afternoon Richard walked into the commercial room of the hotel and found Mr. Wolff busily dictating letters.

"Mr. Wolff," he said deferentially, with his cap in his hand.

"Yes, what is it?" That gentleman failed to recognise the athletic young fellow with the dark, composed face.

"Mr. Guest has sent me with his trap to ask you to come over this afternoon; he wants to see you," replied Richard, who now looked spruce in a blue suit and a muffler.

"Ah, certainly!" Mr. Guest was one of those whose custom he had not yet secured, but this looked promising! He went away to get his bag of samples.

"Where does Mr. Guest live?" he inquired, as they spanked along behind a spirited horse.

"Bagley; three miles away in the country."

Mr. Wolff looked around him with appreciative enjoyment. He had heard that the scenery skirting this side of the Black Country was some of the most beautiful in England, and now he believed it. With the abundant hospitality of Mr. Guest later on he was equally delighted, especially as he obtained the promise of a good order providing that he called at his works on the following morning.

As he was so insistent about it, Mr. Guest reluctantly allowed him to depart soon after seven o'clock, assisting him into the trap beside Richard with much rough joviality.

It was nearly dark when the trap set off, and quite dark when Mr. Wolff asked how much longer it would take to get to Moulden.

"We're not going there," Richard answered unemotionally.

"Ach! What do you mean?" asked Mr. Wolff with a start.

"I'm the man you didn't convince last Wednesday night," observed Richard as if that explained everything. He flicked the horse and they went along with increased speed.

"Where are you taking me then?"

"Darley."

Mr. Wolff thought rapidly. He was too well accustomed to commercial intrigues to be ruffled by a trick like this, but it must be frustrated in some way. A military training had toughened his muscles, but he did not relish a tussle on this lonely road with a man who hammered chain.

"Tut! this is foolish," he said good-temperedly. "If you prevent me from keeping this appointment to-night I can make another."

"Not much! They won't trust you after you've failed them once."

"Ah, well, I can find others."

"Yes; that's why you're going back to London to-night," said Richard.

Mr. Wolff began to feel irritated with this calm young man. Every minute they were leaving Moulden farther behind.

"I will give you ten pounds," he commenced, choosing the best weapon he knew.

Richard laughed, and gave the horse its head. Mr. Wolff didn't like the sound of the laugh at all. He rose, half intending to jump out, but an arm swept him into his seat again. They were rushing downhill between rearing banks, and he clung on for his life as the trap struck something and bounded from side to side.

"Gott!" exclaimed Mr. Wolff, and he reached in terror for the reins. "Do you mean to kill me?"

Richard jabbed an elbow into his fat side and knocked the breath out of him.

"It's ten miles to Darley," he laughed, "and the last train leaves at twenty past eight. This is Matterford—the steepest hill in Staffordshire; mile-an-a-half long; sharp turn at the bottom. Like it?"

Richard himself was revelling in it—the clean wind, the night, the ringing hoofs, the charge into the gloom, now and again feeling the jar as a wheel scraped the bank. And he exulted at the fear of the man beside him, the German who took them all for fools!

Mr. Wolff groaned aloud. Ten miles of this in the company of a madman!

They negotiated the hill safely, more by good fortune than Richard's skill, and Mr. Wolff regained some of his courage presently, when the pace slackened.

"I can guess your motive," he sneered; "you want to strut about boasting of what you've done."

"O-ah!" commented Richard indifferently.

"No doubt you'll talk about love of country and——"

"Chuck that!" said Richard.

For once Mr. Wolff's discretion deserted him. "Patriotism is a noble sentiment, my young friend," he went on, "and—it frequently pays. For instance——"

He did not know that an Englishman regards his love for his country as he does his love for a woman—a thing sacred and not to be spoken of lightly.

"Get out," Richard said quietly. Mr. Wolff didn't stir. He was too surprised. But a powerful hand gripped his collar, rough knuckles dug into his neck, and he gave a strangled cough as Richard shoved down his head and hurried his exit with a knee.

"Just one more thing," said Richard, as he brought the horse round. "I find you've sold about twelve hundred tons of your blooming iron in this district. If you show your face in Moulden again, besides footing you round the town, I shall let folks know what else you've been over here for."

"Ach!" exclaimed Mr. Wolff. That was a telling argument. It threatened his pocket.

"I'll send on your friend with the scrubbing-brush hair to-morrow," called Richard.

[*Another of these stories will appear next week.*—ED.]

CELEBRITIES' WEAK POINTS.

It is a positive shock to M. Clemenceau, the French Premier, to discover that any work of importance must be commenced on the 13th of a month, and he recently deferred the publication of an important document till the 14th, in accordance with his one and only whim.

The Kaiser trembles all over at the very mention of the number 13, and his entourage have to exercise the utmost care in seeing that it is not mentioned in his presence.

"There's a nice pair of motor gloves," he said to one of his suite, as he looked into a Bond Street window during his last visit to England; "buy them for me." On the return of his attendant with the purchase, the Kaiser asked what they had cost. "Twelve shillings and twelve pence," replied the other tactfully. And William was forced to smile.

Mr. Balfour has an unaccountable aversion to fowls, and feels positively uneasy when they are anywhere near him. This is the more remarkable, as the dislike was manifested even before he became a motorist.

Starch is the thing George Bernard Shaw hates most. He says it makes him absolutely ill to wear a starched collar, and he can never overcome the feeling that there is some hidden infamy in any person who does.

WALKING.

THE OLDEST EXERCISE AND ONE OF THE FINEST

Walking as an exercise is rapidly coming to the front. In the old days a man had to choose between riding and walking as a means of locomotion, and in most cases his purse decided in favour of the latter.

The thing at that time was a necessity and could not rank as a pastime, for nobody wanted to do it if they could help it.

With the introduction of the cycle we found many who had previously neglected exercise taking up the new sport, but now motor-cars have made all roads unpleasant for cycling and many of them actually impossible, and so a large proportion of those who, through the cycle, have acquired a liking for exercise have now disposed of their machines and are seeking their recreation in those by-paths which a bicycle cannot traverse and where motors are unknown.

If you do not believe me ask a country innkeeper. He will tell you that the number of walking tourists is increasing by leaps and bounds.

Walking has the rare merit of developing the lungs without imposing a strain on the heart, and there is scarcely a muscle in the whole of the body that it does not develop. From boxers to swimmers, athletes are now giving walking the premier position in their training.

I think, however, that there is a mental aspect in walking which is sometimes forgotten. On a bicycle you are left perfectly free to think, but when walking quickly that becomes extremely difficult, and so the brain of the mental worker gets a much needed rest.

Although walking is becoming extremely popular with those of us who live in towns, I doubt whether it will ever catch on much as a pastime with countrymen. To them it is so often an unchosen necessity that they cannot understand how any person could desire to walk from one place to another when the distance can be traversed by train at a penny a mile.

Once when walking through Buckinghamshire I overtook a farmhand who was going in the same direction. We chatted about the weather and the crops, but he would not allow the conversation to remain general. With that desire for personal knowledge which you find in most people who seldom meet strangers, he asked me the name of the town I came from, and when he learned this he proceeded to inquire whether I was an out-of-work.

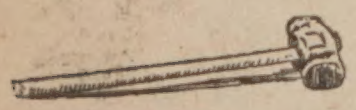
I briefly assured him that I was not, but was walking for my pleasure and for the benefit of my health. He said nothing to this, but I could see that he did not believe me, and when we finally said good-bye he pressed a penny into my palm.

"Just to help you on the road, mate," he remarked. "I might be down on my luck myself some day."

When a man is wearing a soft collar and when his boots are covered with dust, I do not suppose he looks his best, but I flattered myself that I did not look altogether disreputable, and my first impulse was to say something rude and throw the penny back at him, but his action was so obviously prompted by kindness of heart that I could not bring myself to do it.

I kept the penny, meaning to hand it to the first genuine tramp I met, but finally I decided to keep it, and I gave the next tramp twopence instead. That penny I still keep for luck. It is the only coin that has ever been given to me since I was a little boy.

F. R. LAWSON.



SHABBY GENTILITY

Ring out false pride in place and blood.—TENNYSON.

The curse of Britain to-day is shabby gentility. It robs us of the joys of life; it produces worry, and hence disease.

Take the case of the clerk as typical. He is paid, let us say, twenty-five shillings a week. To keep his position he must be well-dressed.

Let us allow him five shillings a week on the item "personal appearances." We therefore leave him with a pound a week, and he holds himself to be a poverty-stricken and down-trodden person. He is not happy. Why?

His pound a week is less than the wages of the skilled mechanic, but more than those of the labourer. Yet even the labourer manages to have a fairly good time, and he has probably less idea of the sensible way of spending money than most people. If, with his smaller wages and his lack of knowledge regarding true economy, the labourer can be happy, why cannot the clerk?

Simply because he has voluntarily joined the army of the shabby genteel, that unhappy band of [illegible] who wear themselves thin in the effort to live like half-crowns.

SELF-INFLICTED ROBBERY.

The young clerk with his twenty-five shillings a week is dressed as well as the man with £300 a year. He has to be. His mistake lies in imitating the £300 man in other respects.

Let us take the matter of board first, as that is the biggest item. His lodgings will be in a semi-fashionable quarter and will swallow up the great bulk of his salary, leaving him little to get his lunches with and practically nothing for amusements.

The young working man, on the other hand, spends about half the amount on his lodgings and has always spending money at his command, besides, very often, a growing deposit in the savings bank.

The clerk feels that his clothes demand that he should live in a good neighbourhood, and he suffers for this unjustifiable idea.

In regard to athletics. The clerk cannot afford to join a good tennis or cricket club, and a visit to the local swimming-baths means a serious expenditure to him.

The young workman probably has a swim twice a week, and is probably a member of a harrier club, the yearly subscription to which is about half-a-crown.

HIS OWN SET.

To join such a club, even if he were aware of its existence, would be a step unthinkable to the clerk. "One must keep in one's own set, you know."

The folly of it! He would be welcomed by the working fellows, he would enjoy some of the finest exercise it is possible to get (for cross-country running is all but unrivalled), and he would probably be held in considerable esteem as a man who had a rather superior job.

In theatre-going we have the same thing. The clerk can, perhaps, afford the sixpence or shilling that would admit him to the gallery, but he would consider it undignified to be seen anywhere but in the stalls, and, as he cannot afford the latter, he stops away altogether.

The workman goes to the gallery and enjoys himself to the full.

Possibly the clerk is fond of dancing, but he is not the possessor of a dress suit, and cannot spare the half-guinea for a ticket to admit him to a good ball, so dancing also he sets down as one of the things out of his reach.

He forgets that there is as much fun to be had at a sixpenny hop as at a State ball, or perhaps he stops away because of the people he would meet there—people, be it said, who are earning just about the same as himself.

In the essential matter of food even, shabby gentility is supreme. The clerk will ruin his health with a meagre meal at a tea-shop, while the workman builds up his on the bounteous and wholesome diet of the cheapest kind of eating-house; and the amount spent by both men on their midday meal will be just about the same. The clerk sacrifices value in food for genteel surroundings.

The life of the clerk is one constant worry as to how he is to make ends meet. His salary is woefully insufficient for the upkeep of the style in which he imagines he must live. Probably he accumulates some small debts, and his peace of mind vanishes when his creditors begin to harass him. Can it be wondered at that his health suffers, or that care sits on his face instead of the vigorous happiness that is the concomitant of health?

THE LITTLE BIT OVER.

The workman has no cares. He is earning what is to him good money. His needs are small, and he has always something over after meeting them.

It is this little something over, by the way, that makes a man rich. Carnegie would be poor if he so arranged matters that every penny of his income had to be spent on some definite object. It is not the things you have, but the money that remains in your pocket after you have paid for them all that gives you the comfortable feeling of wealth.

I have cited the parallel cases of the young clerk and the young workman, but the argument holds just the same where the income is slightly better.

The book-keeper earning £150 a year must, he believes, live in a villa with a rent running well into a third of his total income. He must have nice furniture, which he probably gets from some hire-furnishing firm, whose weekly instalments eat away a considerable amount of his salary. He must have many other things in order that he may rival the shabby gentility of a limited circle of acquaintances, and the result is that his income is spent before he gets it, and poverty and cheese-paring become inevitable.

THE PENALTIES OF STYLE.

Contrast with this the mode of life of the skilled mechanic who is earning exactly the same amount. He lives in an unpretentious cottage, he patronises the cheapest shops, and he can afford all he wants to in the way of food and amusements.

"He has no style to keep up," his more pretentious neighbours remark. Nor does he want style, if it has to be accompanied with the discomforts which he sees its votaries enduring.

The hollowness of it all must be obvious and amusing to the really wealthy, for to them both the book-keeper and the mechanic are social impossibilities. It is a case of the bluebottle saying to the bee: "I'm more nearly the size of that elephant than you are."

When the bastard pride known as social pride disappears, a man will count himself as belonging to the same class as all who are earning the same salary as himself.

Each class has its advantages and pleasures, and the man who steps out of the class that his income entitles him to be in denies himself these pleasures without obtaining anything tangible in their stead.

DAVID COOPER.

NOTICE TO NEWSAGENTS.

THE MODERN MAN sells wherever it is introduced. It would be to your profit to have customers for a couple of quires more than you are doing now. We will help you to get them.

The best advertising for a paper like this is simply to persuade a non-reader to peruse it once; he will need no invitation afterwards.

Give him a specimen copy.

We shall be happy to send you a supply of specimen copies and showcards if you will drop a postcard to the publishers, Odhams, Ltd., 67, Long Acre, London, W.C. That postcard will repay you a hundredfold.

THE DRAG.

A HUNTING SKETCH.

The hounds are drawn up in front of the old hall. The old grey-haired butler and the flunkies are pressing spirits, wines, and sandwiches on the followers of the drag. Horses are impatient to start, so are the men.

Some of them are looking pale and wishing themselves at home, but they need not worry. These men will not see hound or huntsman after the first big gate or fence.

The men who funk before they start are not likely to be in at the finish of the drag.

At last a move is made. Those who have dismounted in order to partake of the squire's hospitality, or to chat with each other, swing themselves into the saddle.

It is a big field, for the drag-hounds are supported by the whole country round.

This is no expensive and aristocratic hunt. Farmer and country gentleman, butcher and doctor ride side by side.

Neck and neck they top the fences, enjoying all the excitement of the steeplechase or fox-hunt, without any living creature having to suffer for their sport.

Hark! now the master is winding his horn; they are casting; now they have hit the scent.

No, it is a false alarm, Merriman is running riot, but now Challenger has it.

The flow of music bursts forth, the hounds have their heads down, men crush their hats well on, and the horses bend their hocks for the first leap—the park palings of the old hall.

Crash! I hear two falls, and the snapping of timber.

I look round and see two young fellows picking themselves out of the ditch that I have just cleared. One is busy brushing the mud off his clothes and trying to restore his crushed hat to its former shape.

The other, who has never relaxed his hold of the reins, gives one sorrowful look at the lead he has lost, and leaps into the saddle again, soon to catch me up and pass me with a wild yell.

That is the squire's son, the hardest riding and keenest young sportsman in the county.

We are getting well away from the highway now, careering across the open country, crossing an occasional lane, but still far from the reach of carriages and followers on foot.

The people who only come to the meet begin to turn home, or else canter along the roads hoping to catch another glimpse of their better-placed brothers.

Now we have come to the brook. Several are left here. Now a couple of bullfinches, and then a post and rails, and several quicksets.

Now hold your breath; we come to a high bank with a heavy rail on top, and a six feet ditch each side.

Who would be mad enough to ride at this?

Why, who is the fool? It is the master. He draws his spurs up his good horse, holds him together, lifts him, and clears all—all but the further ditch.

We hear the horse slip with a dull thud and the crack of bones.

A couple more ride at the jump, but their horses refuse. Some go round, but none stop to help the master.

He would not have them do so; they are hot on the scent, and spills are nothing new.

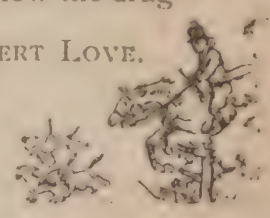
The people in a carriage passing near see the accident. The lady faints. The gentleman presses his hand over his eyes, and then runs to the spot.

The man is lying under the horse, and the horse's back is broken. The man is done, too—crushed to death.

I have only been looking on; how I envy that man! Who would not wish for such a happy death as to fall beneath your best horse in the best run at the biggest jump man ever had?

I am old, and so glorious a death is not for an old man worn out like me, but would I could live my life over again, and follow the drag over that bank and ditches!

ROBERT LOVE.



WHERE MEN FOREGATHER.

II. THE CHURCH.

"It is not that men won't go to church, but that they go to church at all, that surprises me," said a well-known and popular London clergyman to me once.

He meant, of course, that so many parsons are not men's men; that with their absurd affectations of speech and manner, their puling blindness to the things that matter, their cant and hypocrisy, their intolerable self-righteousness and overweening pretensions, they arouse anything but Christian feelings in the hearts of men.

But our parson is very much a man. It is whispered that he had a stormy youth; that he was a pretty "hot lot" at Oxford, and that before he found himself, and entered the ministry, he led a roving and unregenerate life.

Certainly he "knows a bit"; you can't humbug him; he does not try to humbug you.

A MAN IN THE PULPIT.

He can preach. He tackles the problems that trouble men, and he tackles them as a man of the world first, a priest afterwards.

He is not afraid of being colloquial, even a trifle slangy; he does not mind letting himself go, he uses his natural voice, which, by the way, is a fine one, and he is always virile. Therefore, men come to his church.

Some are typical church-goers. Stodgy business men, successful tradesmen, who go to church because it looks well, adds to their respectability, and is to some extent an asset in business.

They do not, however, go to our church in great numbers. They regard our parson as rather a dangerous fellow. He says such hard things about shady methods of business, about men who make a god of money. He asks such awkward questions of their consciences that they usually retire to another church, where the parson is an old woman in a surplice.

Our parson has no use for men who go to church in order to impress other people with their respectability.

All sorts and conditions of men come to our church. Eager young men, because they know that the preacher will deal with the things that interest young men. He will not pretend to them that they are going to perdition because they sometimes say "damn," because they sometimes ship more liquor aboard than is good for them, because they love and are loved without the sanction of the church.

THE ONLY SON.

Grown men come to him, because he treats of vital matters, because he gives them something intellectually hard to bite on, because he tackles problems of the day, not points of dogma that were stale centuries ago.

Gentlemen come to him, because he is a man and a gentleman.

It is evensong, and the church is packed with men.

The preacher's text is the only son, whose mother was a widow. He points out the especial difficulties and temptations which beset such a young man. He is no sentimentalist; he is fair and shrewd. He insists how cruel a mother's love for her only son may be, in seeking to exclude him from his fellows, in keeping him always wrapped up in cotton-wool, in cosseting and coddling him.

He points out the fate of such a spoilt child. How, never having eaten soap as a puppy, and learned that it is bad for him, he starts eating soap, dirty soap, as a man, with painful consequences. What would have been a venial offence as a puppy, calls for severe punishment in a "dog." He is sorry for the young man who is the only son of a widow.

Then he gives us the other side. The wonderful love and self-sacrifice of the mother. He makes us feel all her trembling fears and hopes for her darling. He lets us hear her thanking God for her son, and he shows us that son, emancipated, impatient of his mother, even ungrateful; we see him "eating soap," wallowing in all kinds of beastliness, while the poor saint sits at home, and, mother-like, finds excuses for him, where excuse there is none to be found.

A sob breaks the stillness. Young Robinson, who had come in for the purpose of ogling the girls and displaying his new fancy waistcoat, gets up and goes out, a broken figure.

The preacher's shaft has gone home. The Blue Pig will see less of young Robinson in future; poor Mrs. Robinson will sleep as she has not slept for many a night.

It is a message not only to sons and mothers, but to fathers.

We see the only son, the pride of the family, not going to the devil, but more than redeeming the promise of his youth. And then God takes him. He dies, as he had lived, nobly. Cruel, but, as the preacher tells us, the grief-stricken parents are happy in their desolation—their son died as a man. They had brought a man into the world, and a man returned to God.

A SOLDIER'S BOY.

The shoulders of the thin, martial, white-haired figure of the old General in front of me shake just a little. His hand goes quietly to his pocket, and his handkerchief flutters for a moment across his eyes. But the tears of age, if salt, are few. In an instant he is himself again.

As we file out, he looks erecter and sterner than ever. His heart lies in his only son's grave by the Tugela, but he bears himself like the grand old gentleman and sportsman that he is.

That is why men foregather at our church; the preacher is a man, and he talks to men of things that matter to men.

"My son"—can any father utter these words unmoved? "He was an only son, and his mother was a widow." How many thousands of men are there not wandering about the world, miserable, self-hating creatures, who would be happy men if only as boys they had heard our parson expound upon that text.

PETER GILCHRIST.

THE FATALITY OF FALLING.

"He didn't fall far enough," said a surgeon in discussing an accident in which an acrobat had fallen and been killed. "If he had had a longer drop his muscles would have had time to brace themselves' for the shock, and he would probably have escaped without serious injury.

"You may notice the same thing when you step unknowingly off the pavement. As soon as the advancing foot feels no ground beneath it, the nerves send a message to the brain and the weight of the body is instantly thrown on the other foot. This is done very quickly, but not quickly enough, for the step down is only three inches, and before the weight is altered the outstretched leg has received the shock.

"This sometimes has serious results, for the spinal cord may get badly jarred.

"When you unexpectedly step off the last step of a stair, there is scarcely ever a shock to the spine. Here the height is six or eight inches, and before the ground level is reached there has been time to throw the weight on the other foot.

"It is just the same with an acrobat falling."

GARDENS GAY.

God Almighty first planted a garden: and indeed it is the purest of human pleasures.—BACON.

The appearance of a garden is frequently spoilt by an ugly blank wall, at the foot of which there is no earth in which creepers can be planted.

The remedy in this case is to construct small wire hanging-baskets, fill them with moss and a little mould, and plant in them any of the various creepers or climbers. Campanulas, canary creepers, and nasturtiums are amongst the favourites.

Brackets roughly made of wood, and concealed with a piece of bark, may be fixed here and there about the wall to carry pots in which are planted similar creepers.

Wallflowers may be planted in crannies of the wall itself. The seed may be placed in a crevice, but it is a better plan to raise the plants in pans, and put them on the wall when they are about an inch in height. Remove a little mortar carefully, press into the hole some mould and the plant, keeping it in position with a little lump of clay.

Wallflower grown in this manner will flower in a remarkable degree. It must be remembered that in the hotter weather it will require frequent watering.

Some gardens have in one corner the cover of an ugly manhole. Even if earth were spread the soil would be too shallow to enable anything to grow, and this plan would be inconvenient when the drains have to be examined.

The best way is to make a shallow wooden box exactly the size of the manhole, place it on the top, and plant in it some of the choicest blooms from your garden.

The edges of the box may be covered with virgin cork, or if it is sufficiently shallow, some creeping plants should be planted round the sides, and these will soon cover the bare wood quite as effectively.

Dwarf plants do not receive the attention they should have. They are extremely useful in forming a carpet beneath those of taller growth. Virginia stock is amongst the most useful for this purpose. White bed is also useful, and violets seem to prefer such treatment to having a bed of their own; they prefer shade, and moreover they do not unduly sap the nourishment from the larger and more important plants.

A flower border always looks best when it is a solid mass of bloom and foliage of one kind or another, and it is by the employment of the various dwarf flowers that this effect is best realised.

Sunflowers must also be numbered amongst the neglected. Nothing could be more hideous than a row of the gigantic annual sunflowers when they lack proper environment, and nothing could be more beautiful than when they are properly grouped with other plants.

In a shrubbery a sunflower appears to perfection, and when grown in borders it should be placed well to the back, and should have taller flowers immediately in front of it, so that the head, and not the whole of the gigantic stem, is exposed to view.

The perennial sunflower is amongst the most attractive of all our easily grown plants. It may be grown from the seed in the spring, but when a plant is once established it may be divided indefinitely, as it is a remarkably quick spreader. It should, in fact, be split at least once in two years, as, if it is left untouched longer than this it becomes unmanageable.

Flowers should be grown everywhere in the garden. In most gardens we find the kitchen door absolutely neglected, and it is precisely here where certain plants would flourish best. Wallflowers and antirrhinums regard soapy water and even dishwater, as welcome nourishment, and they help to counteract the odours that will arise from even the most cleanly sink.

It may be regarded as wasting plants to put these beside the kitchen door, which as a rule is concealed with some sort of hedge, but one can always have a few to spare when the season is properly begun.

A. HARRIS.

But yet a Man

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By JOHN G. ROWE.

A man was sitting on the beach near Cape [illegible] in Queensland—a most disreputable-looking character, dressed in rags, dirty and unshaven, and with bare feet. Yet not the sort a [illegible] woman with any courage would feel much sorry for. A dejected, spiritless, backboneless scarecrow, he seemed the type that must inevitably go to the wall in the battle of life.

Before him was the deep blue Coral Sea, dotted with islands. Behind him a waste of scrub and bush and wild mountain ranges.

"Well, this would seem to be the end of my [illegible] life," he muttered aloud with a bitter laugh. "Yes, William Collins, alias Henry [illegible]son, alias the Hon'b'le George. No, that [illegible] buried—I will end matters now and [illegible] over. I will wait until the shadow of that [illegible]"

He paused as a twig [illegible] close behind him. Turning quickly, he saw a big, curly, rough-bearded man, with a great, shaggy black beard, surveying him mockingly.

"What cheer, matie?" the stranger asked.

"No cheer at all, thank you. I'm a beach-comber, come to the last of the game; and if you will wait another two minutes you will see the end of one of life's failures. I am just going to join the mermaids in my Sunday-go-to-meeting clothes."

"Hard lines, mate! I don't quite tumble to your lingo, but from it I should say you are one of those educated, well-born coves who so often come to the croppers out here."

"Yes, I certainly answer to that description. I am a remittance man, and I have tired my friends out, so that they have stopped all further remittances. I have had all the advantages of birth and education can give a man; and I look at me. I am a worthless character, a [illegible] friend—a drunken, good-for-nothing rotter: a disgrace, and don't waste a tear upon my early grave."

He rose leisurely and walked towards the outcrop of [illegible].

"Hi! Stop one moment. Perhaps I can help you. I certainly can to a square meal, a bit of [illegible] and—a good, hard drink."

"Ah, that's better—something worth living for. I'd sell my soul, I believe, for a drink." And the beachcomber halted and turned.

"I thought as much. Chuck that idea of commercial [illegible]. Tell-ye-the-say and come wi' me!"

"Tell-i'-the-say! Very good, my friend of unpronounced drinks! About the best pun I've heard since I cracked my last. For the sake of the pun, my friend, not to speak of the hospitality, I will e'en accompany you, and partake of your liquor."

"Right-o! Come along, then! I've some mates just back here and they'll welcome ye for my sake. What's your name, so's I can introduce ye all right and proper like."

"Henry Dick—No, William Collins."

"Ha! Ha! Ha! You've got two names, eh? All the better—all the better! My handle is Tom Holland."

"Pleased to make your acquaintance—and [illegible]. I feel I could drink the sea dry. Is your place far off?"

"No, it's no distance."

In a little thickly wooded dell just back of the shore, at the foot of a spur of the mountains, they came to a shepherd's "humpy."

"A new pal, mates, and the very man we want for the MacAdam job," sang out Holland, as he kicked open the door and thrust Collins [illegible].

Seven or eight men were grouped around the [illegible] in all manner of indolent attitudes. Everything was [illegible] around. Collins recoiled as he saw the [illegible] manner of men they were. [illegible] a revolver was clapped against

his head by Mr. Holland.

"You are going to join us, mate, willy nilly."

"I'm quite agreeable, but put that pistol away. I've given up all idea of death and want the drink you promised me. Trot it out, and then we'll talk. Didn't I tell you I'd sell my soul for drink? Whatever's the game, count me in, friends, if it's going to mean a drink now, and more later."

"Ha! Ha! You'll do, mister—you'll do. You may call the lay we are on bushranging."

"Bushranging! Mr. Holland, you deserve credit for reviving so ancient, romantic and profitable a calling in these prosaic times."

"He's an eddicated man, pals, and just the sort we want. Sit down, Mr. Collins; and pour him out a stiff glass of brandy, Fred. Now, Mr. Collins, it's like this 'ere. Four days from now is paying-off day at a certain big squatter's a day's ride from here. You know what that means? The squatter has a big bag of the 'yellow-boys' in his safe at this moment.

"His wife is very bad. She has just had a child, and, from all accounts, has gone off her nut. Snell yonder has bin sent to Rockhampton for a doctor. He comes to me and suggests that we find an eddicated man to pretend to be the doctor's assistant, sent in his place. Do ye follow me?"

"Perfectly! You want me to act the rôle of a doctor and help Snell to burgle the squatter's safe? But I can't go in these rags."

"Oh, we'll fix ye up all right, never fear. We'll get the clothes, if we can only be sure we can trust ye."

"Mr. Holland, I have drunk your brandy—I'll take more if you please—and in my eyes that's more sacred than eating a man's salt is to certain Orientals. On condition you help me to plenty of booze before and after the looting of the safe, I'm your man. Here's my hand on it."

It was late the following afternoon when Collins, a gentleman once more, shaven, well-groomed, well-dressed, alighted from the Bunyip mailcoach in company with the treacherous stockman Snell, and, obtaining horses at the hotel, rode out to Mr. MacAdam's place, Gulla-Gulla Station.

"Dr. Bowen was unable to come, Mr. MacAdam, so he sent me. My name is Armitage. I am Dr. Bowen's assistant." Collin's manner was superb.

"I should like you to see my wife at once, doctor. She is very bad indeed."

Collins saw the lady.

"Mr. MacAdam," he said, when he returned to the parlour, "there's no doubt about it. Your wife is out of her mind. I can do nothing. You had better send for a brain specialist and trained nurse. I will stay and do what I can for her if you like until they arrive."

"I will fetch them myself, doctor, I know she will be safe in your hands until my return. If I can get the specialist at Rockhampton, I should be back in twenty-four hours, but I will get one if I have to scour all Australia."

Mr. MacAdam went off next morning to Bunyip and took the mailcoach from there. After he had gone, Collins strolled round the yards and wool sheds to get the lie of the land, and particularly to observe the approaches to the office, where Snell knew the gold was kept.

It was a square and solidly-built blockhouse in the middle of the enclosure. The door was in front and had a small Venetian shutter as a ventilator above it, and there was a shuttered window in each side wall, while two Venetian shutter ventilators were in the back.

As he was mentally informing himself that the place would stand a siege, a gentle hand was laid upon his arm and a sweet, low voice whispered:

"You will help me to take care of the gold in my husband's absence, doctor, will you not? Lucy, my maid, told me he had to go away for a day and night on business."

Collins felt a choking sensation in the throat. He turned and looked at the white, almost transparent, face beside him. A strangely absorbed, yet eager look was in the vacant eyes.

A memory of his mother rose before him. He could not speak.

Whispering "Hush! hush! Come this way!" she drew him towards the office-door.

"See, I have the keys," she went on. "I knew where he left them. We will go in and open the safe and make sure the gold is safe."

There was not a soul about. The stockmen were all away at work and they could not be seen from the house. Still incapable of speech, he suffered her to insert the key in the door and to open it. They passed inside.

"Here is the safe," she continued. "And here is the key. Will you open it for me?"

He clenched one hand till the nails cut the palm.

"No, no," he gasped hoarsely. "Come away, come away! The gold is safe, and will be safe while I am here—to take your husband's place. You must come back with me at once to the house. Why did your maid let you out of her sight?"

Surprised—awed by his strange vehemence, she meekly accompanied him out of the office, the door of which he locked again, and back to her own room, where he left her with her maid, whom he reprimanded severely for not watching her more carefully.

Dusk had fallen when he went to keep the appointment at the gate with the traitor Snell.

"That you, Collins?"

"Yes, and this is a six-shooter, Snell. Put up your hands. Obey me, you devil, or I fire. Now listen! Clear off and tell Tom Holland and the rest that I was an unreliable liar always. Tell Holland that, in spite of his brandy, I will act the man for once; that I will notify the hands of the intended 'sticking-up' of the station, so that if he doesn't want his hide riddled with lead, he will make tracks out of this part of the country as fast as he can. Right about face, now! March!"

Without a word, Snell turned and walked off. When he was nearly out of sight, he called back:

"Collins, ye're a dodrotted fool. There ain't a man left about the station but you and me. Big Tom has lured all the hands away on a wildgoose chase after stock that he and the others druv astray. You'll pay for this, my boy!"

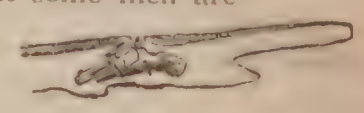
"Turn out, turn out!" Collins shouted, dashing at top speed towards the hands' quarters.

Not a voice answered. Not a man appeared.

"Good God!" Collins gasped. "What can I do alone? One against nine! The office—it will stand a siege and—it shall. Thank Heaven, I have tasted no brandy to-day, though I wanted it badly enough. My aim will be steady. I have my two six-shooters, and there's a Winchester repeater over the mantelpiece in the dining-room."

He ran back to the house and brought out the womenfolk.

"You must all come with me," he said quietly. "Don't be scared, but some men are



going to stick-up the place, and the hands want you out of the way so that they may give the rascals a warm reception. I am to take you all into the office, where you will be quite safe if there is any shooting."

He got them all inside the blockhouse safely—poor Mrs. MacAdam and her baby, of course, included—and barely had he secured the door and window-shutters when the thunder of galloping hoofs told him of the approach of his late confederates. Up out of the darkness loomed a cloud of mounted figures. They took the outer fence at a leap, and came on straight through the yard for the office.

Crack! crack! crack! Mounted on the table-desk, with the nose of the rifle thrust through the slats of the fanlight, Collins pumped lead as fast as he could into them.

At the first shot a horse stumbled and threw its rider; at the second a man rolled like a log out of his saddle; the third shot missed. But it was enough. With a yell of surprise, the bushrangers reined in.

Crack! A fourth shot laid out Snell, the traitor; and as the horsemen spurred aside to get round to the back of the office, out of range, Holland himself dropped, shot through the body.

And then, on the wings of the wind, came the thudding of many more hoofs, and startled shouts went up from the sadly thinned band of attackers. The stockmen had been brought back post haste by a little black boy who had accidentally stumbled across Holland's camp and overheard the gang talking about the raid.

Three of the bushrangers were found dead; four more were captured by the stockmen. Only two got away, and they were taken later.

Mr. MacAdam returned with the specialist and the nurse next morning. Collins cut short his grateful thanks.

"Sir," he said, "I'm a damned skunk. My name is not Armitage. I am not Dr. Bowen's assistant. I am a ne'er-do-well—a drunken, brandy-soaked beachcomber—and I came to your house to help the gang to steal your money. I was in league with them, but your wife's condition—her trust in me, when I had purposely sent you out of the way—moved me as nothing else could have done. That's why I've acted as I have."

"What—what are you saying, man?"

"It is the plain, unvarnished truth, MacAdam. I am that most hopeless of all hopeless cases, a remittance man. The very name I bear I have no right to. I dare not breathe my true one."

"Give me your hand," said MacAdam. "What you've done shows you're not beyond reclaiming. I'll make a man of you; I'll show my gratitude in some tangible form."

"No, no," said Collins. "Don't be kind to me; that hurts worse than the other thing. I'm a hopeless case. I should only disappoint you. I am beyond reclaiming. Good-bye! We shall never meet again."

And the squatter stood staring stupidly into space for some minutes after his retreating form was lost to sight.

MR. POCOCK'S SILENCE.

Still not a word from Mr. Roger Pocock.

What does it mean?

He challenged our contributor, Mr Gray-Reid, to combat. Our contributor promptly accepted, but Mr. Pocock remains silent.

He threw down the gauntlet. Why will he not appoint a time and place for the meeting?

The challenge was officially made and was accepted. The silence must therefore be regarded as official. Is this the way in which the Legion usually deals with troubles which it has brought upon itself? Is its action likely to reflect credit upon it or to make it the laughing-stock of the country?

The Legion of Frontiersmen have claimed to be the nation's last line of defence.

Who said England was in danger?

YOUR EDITOR.

How to Keep a Rifle.

OF SPECIAL INTEREST TO TERRITORIALS.

Many a soldier has lost life or limb through having neglected to keep his rifle properly. The man whose rifle jams or begins to shoot erratically, when he is in a tight corner on the battlefield, is in a very awkward hole indeed.

I know one brave Colonial—a D.S.O. by the way—who attributes the wound that cost him his sight solely to this cause.

It is therefore most important that every Territorial or civilian rifleman—and nowadays every young Briton who is worth his salt is one or the other—should not only know how to use his rifle, but should understand how to keep it in the best possible condition for accurate shooting.

A rifle is a costly thing—a first-class, tested service weapon costs from seven to ten pounds, and even the ordinary rifle as issued by the Government will cost £3. The difference lies mainly in the fact that the "match rifle," which you get from a gunmaker, is a chosen weapon which has been shot and sighted by an expert, while those with which the forces are armed are tested in batches. The fittings in both cases are, except for minor details, the same.

WORTH LOOKING AFTER.

From this you will see that your gun is worth taking care of. If you have been fortunate enough to be able to buy one of your own for target practice, or to win one as a prize, you will have an obvious incentive to keep it in good condition; but if you have only your corps' "rack rifle" or a club rifle to depend on, the responsibility is still as great or greater.

Most of these are, when new, capable of wonderfully accurate shooting, and when, as one so often finds, they have developed peculiarities of their own, and throw with a charming impartiality now to one side, now to the other, the fault is usually that of someone who has put them back in the rack uncleaned, or let them get wet and warped. It is a duty to your corps or club to keep the rifle you use in good order.

And now for the method. I will suppose that we are dealing with the long service rifle—the Lee-Metford or Enfield—and not with the short one, which as yet is served out to comparatively few units outside the regular Army, who naturally need no hints on the subject.

If you use the same rifle regularly it is advisable to get a cover for it. The canvas case with a sling, sold by the gunmaker will cost you about 10s. and will well repay the outlay, but it is by no means necessary. A cover of cloth or similar material can be made at home and will protect the gun from sun, rain and scratches.

CLEANING RODS.

Before being used, the rifle should be wiped clean of oil, and a dry rag put through the bore. The best method of cleaning the inside of the barrel is to use a steel rod covered with either wood or vulcanite, and fitted at the end with a "jag" or a loop to hold a flannelette patch. Any gunmaker will supply one for 3s. 6d.

It is much easier for one person thoroughly to clean the bore by this means than with the regulation pull-through, which, however, is the only possible means on active service, owing to its portability.

Always clean from the breech, for the chamber, being funnel-shaped, helps the rag into the barrel.

Beware of using a pull-through with a tight-fitting wire gauze on it. This will wear the rifling more than a bullet, and shorten the life of a barrel considerably. A tight-fitting flannelette patch is much more useful, unless your barrel is exceptionally dirty, or has "nickelled," when a well-opened gauze, or a wire brush on a rod, will be needed to remove it. Some experts use a double pull-through, which two men pull to and fro like a stone-mason's saw.

After firing, the barrel should be scoured with an oily rag, or, if badly fouled, with a brush, and then cleaned with dry rags until the last one comes out almost as clean as it went in, and no speck can be seen in the bore.

It is unwise to fire more than 20 rounds without cleaning out, if it can be avoided. Personally I usually clean out between the [illegible] an ordinary shoot-through—i.e. after every 15 shots.

BOILING OUT.

Many crack shots "boil out" their rifles after a day's hard shooting, fixing the rifle muzzle downwards, pouring boiling water through a small funnel into the chamber, and letting it run through to the ground.

This is an excellent, if primitive, way of removing obstinate fouling, but care must be taken to dry the barrel thoroughly, and oil it at once.

The barrel should always be wiped through with an oily rag (the best cleaning oil is known to marksmen as "·303" or "Stephen Young," and the same rag may be smeared over the outside of the barrel and the stock before putting it away.

Do not oil your stock too heavily, or if you are using it in the sun, it will "sweat," and become so greasy that you can scarcely hold it.

Before putting your rifle away for any length of time, however, you cannot use too much oil, and it is not a bad plan to hang your rifle muzzle uppermost, fix a cork in the muzzle and fill the barrel with oil.

But mind you remove the cork before firing, or you may think the bullet would blow it out, but the result of leaving it in would be quite an interesting explosion.

NURSE YOUR BARREL.

I have not referred here to those chemical solvents of nickel which are now so much in favour with marksmen, for they are not suited to service conditions, and if a barrel has been treated with them, it can never do without them.

The barrel is the vital part of a rifle—a fact which is often forgotten—and must be treated tenderly, but don't forget the rest of the weapon. Clean the dust diligently out of the magazine and action, and remember that if the bolt jams, the best barrel in the world is useless.

If you have a rifle of your own, or one for your own use, it is certainly worth your while to get "sight-protectors" for the back-sights, especially if you have to travel [illegible] to the range.

The cost will not be more than two or three shillings, and you will be saved [illegible] anxiety that an accidental knock may, [illegible] to you, set your gun shooting all over the [illegible] to the danger of everyone.

If you have to use your target rifle [illegible] field, make sure that it has on the foresight a regulation gun-metal protector, which does not obstruct the muzzle.

It is very desirable occasionally to [illegible] your rifle during the shooting season.

Do not try to take it to pieces, but make sure that the foresight has not been damaged, that the head-band is not too tight (for this, by preventing the expansion of the barrel, will retain the nickel from the bullet), that the backsight rises perpendicularly, that the bolt head goes well home, and does not allow some of the force of the explosion to escape backwards.

A. H. Mayne.

What Man Is.

There was a manhood in his look.
—THOMAS HOOD.

OUR VIEW.

What is a man? Opinions differ. According to the Bible, God "made man in His own image"; according to Miss Marie Corelli, man is a "two-legged worm," except when he is a Manxman, when even Miss Corelli's descriptive vocabulary appears to fail her.

Darwin found man's progenitors in monkeys; Plato describes him as a "two-legged animal without feathers," while a Latin proverb tells us that "man is a wolf to man."

Then there is a wide difference between a "woman's man" and a "man's man."

Women often admire the barber's block type of man, who is absolutely indifferent to his own species.

I have before me a feminine symposium, which appeared in a weekly paper on the question, "The qualities Woman most admires in Man," the contributors being ladies who have won fame in one direction or another.

STRAIGHTNESS.

Some put courage first, others strength; others again applaud a sense of honour, while chivalry, brains, justice, modesty, determination, all these qualities have their supporters, but there is no general agreement as to any one virtue being essentially characteristic of a "man."

I do not say that men themselves would be unanimous on this point, but I think that the majority of men asked "What is a man?" would answer that his chief and essential traits are courage, "straightness," and consideration for the weak and helpless.

Courage does indeed seem to be the hall-mark of a man. A coward, of course, is beneath contempt. But there are plenty of men, who, without being cowards, are not courageous, who shun adventure and strife, and would fight only when driven into a corner.

A man's courage, however, need not be only of the "seeking the bubble reputation in the cannon's mouth" order. There are other forms of courage just as high as that of the professional fighting man.

FACING THE UNKNOWN.

I think the middle-aged householder, whose life has been spent in office and suburban villa, has great courage if, hearing burglars in his house, he gets up and tackles them.

Possibly the truest test of real courage is the pluck to face the unknown. The first man to get into a boat, the first man to rise in a balloon, the first man to fly in an aeroplane, these all required courage of a high order. men, because they faced the unknown.

However, this is not a dissertation on courage. I merely submit that *the* hall-mark of a man is courage, however much we may differ as to just what is bravery.

The schoolboy who summed up Dr. Temple, afterwards Archbishop of Canterbury, as "a beast, but a just beast," gave an admirable definition of a man, more especially of a schoolmaster.

MICE AND MEN

A schoolmaster is either a man or a mouse. He is one of the unhappiest creatures on earth if a schoolmaster who is not a "man." The boys detect the weak spot in him at once, and make his life a misery to him.

On the other hand, a schoolmaster who is a "beast" will have the respect, even the affection, of his pupils, provided he is a "just beast."

The unmanly boy, of course, will hate and fear him, but the manly boy will love him, even if he is the subject of his master's closest and most painful attentions.

A boy has the respect and admiration of his friends, whereas an unjust man is despised by friend and foe alike.

MISS CORELLI'S VIEW.

In the third place a "man" is always gentle and considerate to the weak and helpless. A bully is never a man, and when a real man comes on the scene he slinks away like the cur he is.

On the other hand, tender as a woman though such a man may be to the oppressed, he is a veritable tiger to the oppressor. He wastes no time, he minces no words with the bully or the cad when he catches him at his nefarious games; he hits him first, he hits him hard, and he hits him jolly often.

A "man" is always gentle to those weaker than himself, be they men, women, or children, and when children "take to" a man you may be quite sure that he is the genuine article, however much accidents of appearance, manner, or circumstances may be against him.

Then a "man" is never afraid to own up to a mistake, and he is always ready uncomplainingly to accept the maybe painful consequences of a foolish or misguided action.

Your counterfeit man, on the contrary, will always try to make excuses, to lie and wriggle his slimy way out of the hole in which his own dirty tricks have landed him, and he will make the heavens ring with his yelping when caught and punished.

A man takes his "gruel" without making faces over it.

BODILY STRENGTH.

Bodily strength is a quality which women greatly admire in a man, and on the whole rightly. A strong man is usually a "man." At the same time, there are plenty of physically powerful men who are best described by an opprobrious word of four letters—great, overgrown, hulking brutes who misuse their strength and are incapable of generosity of thought or deed.

A man may certainly be very much a "man," and yet be almost puny in physique.

It is spirit, not size, that makes a "man."

A "man" is tolerant and broadminded. Being a man he has mixed much with men; he has probed beneath the surface of men and things, and he knows the manifold weaknesses and shortcomings of human nature.

To my mind, one great characteristic of a "man" is his humanity, which in some instances approaches, let one say with all reverence, to the all-embracing humanity of Christ, the great exemplar of a "man."

SAINTS AND SINNERS.

A "man" may be a "saint" like Cardinal Manning; more often he is just an ordinary sinner, like most of us; sometimes he is a splendid sinner—like Sir Lancelot—"His honour rooted in dishonour stood, and faith unfaithful kept him falsely true."

Incidentally, I have not yet mentioned the obvious point that a "man" has a keen sense of honour, a loathing of anything mean, or petty, or underhand, because that surely may be taken for granted.

But let me insist again that a "man" is above all things human. He enjoys life, and he has a tolerant eye for those who misuse it, or enjoy it not wisely but too well.

"Give the poor devil a chance," is his verdict, save where the case is very, very bad indeed.

A "man," in short, has a great capacity for forgiveness, and, just because he is a "man," much shall be forgiven unto him also.

Is a "man" necessarily a sportsman? Well, I think he must be a sportsman at heart, if not in deed. Nevertheless, there are plenty of men who, from circumstances beyond their control, have no opportunity of actively following sport, but who none the less are "men" through and through.

On the whole, however, a love of strenuous action, of violent exercise, of outdoor pursuits is characteristic of a "man," although the latent fire of his sporting spirit may never be fanned into flame.

A "man" is self-reliant. There are some men who seem never to have left off their swaddling clothes. They go through life from the cradle to the grave always dependent on some stronger nature, incapable of initiative, looking before they leap, until they end by never leaping at all. They are not men, but mannikins, dancing and posturing at the will of a stronger than they.

A "man" carves his own way; he is not afraid of taking risks; he chooses his own path and sticks to it. Like the girl in the play, he may sometimes take the wrong turning, but he blames none but himself, and manfully shoulders the responsibilities of his mistake.

THE NECESSARY CURB.

A "man" has self-control. He is master of his lusts, his temper, his habits. But he is no ascetic.

He enjoys the good things of life to the full, but he knows when to leave off. The man who is a teetotaler because he daren't take a drink lest he take too many, is not much of a "man."

None save a "mug" really thinks the worse of a man for having an occasional fling. But a man who is a slave of sensuality, "soaking," or gambling is a contemptible object. He is not a man, as I understand the meaning of the word.

"Strong meat" is a "man's" food, but he who dare not indulge his appetite for it lest it run away with him, or, indulging it, eats too much, has yet to learn the first lesson of manliness—self-control.

I never yet met a "man" who did not believe in God. It is not a matter of church-going or other outward observances of religion. There are many clergymen and ministers of all denominations who are not, never have been, and never will be "men."

ROUGH DIAMONDS.

On the other hand, I have known many "men," rough customers, readier with a blow than a word, hard-living, hard-drinking, hard-swearing, "toughs," who had a beautiful and childlike faith in God.

Sailors are generally "men" among men, and as a naval chaplain once told me your man-o'-warsman has as a rule a simple, deep-seated, unquestioning belief in God and His infinite wisdom and mercy.

It seems to me that a "man" is always a God-fearing man deep down in his heart, whatever he may appear to be externally.

Finally, I should say that a "man" has a great capacity for self-sacrifice, for selflessness. He will "sit tight" under unmerited blame or censure; he will shoulder another's burdens and perhaps to his own heavy cost shield another from the consequences of a mad action.

A STAUNCH FRIEND.

He never "gives anyone away," but he will give his reputation, his career, even his life to save a loved though very possibly unworthy fellow-creature.

When he gives his friendship, he gives it for always.

Such, then, are to me the leading characteristics of a "man's man." Of course, no man has them all, for whatever a man may be, he is certainly not an angel. Indeed, a strong dash of primitive hate—but brute held in leash—is far from being incompatible with true manliness. But if we have only a few of these qualities, then when we are gone shall our friends say of us:

"This was a man!"

G. NEWBURY.

IDEALISM.

A noble aim, faithfully kept, is as a noble deed.
—Wordsworth.

Some people scoff at the idealist, confusing him with the dreamer of idle dreams.

An idealist is certainly something of a dreamer, but he may none the less be a very practical person.

Take, for example, the case of Mr. Jack Binns, the gallant Marconi operator of the s.s. "Republic." People have been wanting to lionise him, to make a hero of him, while he has been inundated with fabulous offers to appear on the music hall stage.

What has been Mr. Binns's reply and attitude? He has said in effect: "What rot! Why make a fuss about me? I only did my duty."

From this we get a glimpse of Mr. Binns's idealism. His idea, or ideal, of duty is a high one, but it is not unpractical. In setting up for himself his standard of manly behaviour he did not dream idle dreams. He is an idealist, but also a man, very much a man.

What, however, of the people who wanted to make a fuss of Mr. Binns? Idealists they are in the sense of hero-worshippers, but really persons of low ideals. They regard as exceptional what Mr. Binns treats as ordinary. They have a low standard of manliness.

I do not wish, however, to run down hero-worship. It is an excellent thing, provided it produces concrete results.

The young man, if he is worth anything, is an idealist. True, his idealism is apt to be a trifle unpractical. He wants to set the world to rights at once; he wants to reform everything and everybody in the twinkling of an eye. So long as he tries to realise his ideals, they will do him good.

He will find that the way of the reformer is uncommonly hard and lumpy, but he will also perceive that every man may do some good, and he will set himself a certain reasonable goal to reach.

Thus his unpractical ideals become practicable. Idealism has many other forms. Most of us have our ideals of wife, home, happiness, success, and the ideal differs with the individual and his circumstances.

Some men have low ideals. There is the man whose ideal of success is money. There is the man whose ideal of happiness is to play golf all the year round.

The gods, in their ironic way, often allow these ideals to be realised, because they know that realisation will bring the keenest disappointment.

Never to do a dishonourable deed is a high ideal, which achieved means lasting contentment.

It is clear, therefore, that idealism is of value precisely in proportion to the standard of the ideals set up.

If you have false ideals you will suffer the more as you succeed in realising them. In striving after high ideals you will suffer, but fulfilment will bring a rich reward.

There is another phase of idealism, in which we idealise or idolise an unworthy person. This means pain and suffering when we discover that our god has feet of clay, but nevertheless such mistaken idealism may lead to good.

Kipling in one of his "Plain Tales from the Hills" tells the story of a man who was a secret drinker. He met and idealised a worthless woman, and for her sake, though neither she nor anyone else suspected his weakness, he fought and overcame the devil that was in him.

Then he went to her—she was a married woman—and told her how she had saved him. She laughed at him, and he knew her for what she was. But he did not go back to drink. His goddess was gone; his ideal of womanhood, of what a man should be to deserve the respect of a good woman remained.

A man's ideals are the measure of his worth. Mr. Jack Binns set up for himself a high ideal of duty, and therefore when his chance came and he put his abstract idea of duty into concrete form he was hailed as hero. William Grazier.

MY NOTEBOOK.

FRIENDS. As I write this there lies on the table at my elbow a newspaper report of the terrible disaster at the West Stanley mine. It has touched me most deeply.

Throughout the whole of the Durham district The Modern Man has been supported with exceptional enthusiasm from the start. I take considerable trouble to ascertain my exact circulation in different localities, and the support of the great mining district around Durham and Newcastle has been a noteworthy factor in my success.

I think there is, perhaps, some special bond of sympathy between miners and myself. They willingly take risks every day; so do I. Not in the same manner, of course, but still risks.

They carry their lives in their hands during their daily work; I have taken business risks and have faced worry that would have turned their hair grey.

Unquestionably they are brave in the highest degree, for they face their dangers not in the heat of battle but in darkness and in solitude. In my own humble way, I hope that I also have some element of pluck in me. It may be this common possession that has made these miners my friends; anyhow my very good friends they have been.

Of the 150 who have been killed in this terrible accident, it is certain that many were readers of this paper; some I may even have met personally, for not very long ago I spent a happy week in the county of Durham, and I made the acquaintance of many of the miners, because I liked them.

BRAVE LADS. Manly chaps they were, those of them I met, well-set-up, hardy, tough.

When I chatted with them we did not speak of the dangers they faced; they took these things for granted. We spoke mostly about the sports in which both of us were interested, but all the time while I was speaking with one of these miners I felt that I was speaking to a hero.

I do not suppose they felt that, for they are essentially modest. If you told them that every time they descended the shaft they were doing a brave thing, they would laugh at you. Courage with them is a matter postulated. They don't think about it at all. It is part of their character.

It is these things that make those of us who earn our livings in city offices seem so small and commonplace compared with them; but still we have a bond in common with the heroes of the mines—they are men, and so are we, each working and fighting in our own particular sphere, each to be judged according to our environment and our opportunities.

To my friends the miners I fill my glass and drink to them the best of luck; as for those brave lads who have been lost in this terrible disaster, I lay aside my pen for a moment, and cover my eyes with my hand.

SOCIALISM. In connection with the paragraph on socialism which recently appeared on this page, I have received not one anonymous letter—perhaps because I said I expected a few, and even the anonymous letter-writer has some sense of humour and knows when he would be making himself ridiculous. But I have received a vast number of the other kind, both for and against the paragraph.

I am pleased to find that most of my correspondents fully endorse my condemnation of socialism. I am also glad to learn that I have shaken the political belief of several all-but Socialists.

I spent last week-end in a provincial city of some importance and on the Saturday evening I listened for ten minutes—I couldn't stand it for longer—to a Socialist orator at the market cross. His arguments were simply rotten; he made loose statements and drew wholly unjustifiable conclusions from them; in fact his [illegible] exhibited during these ten minutes [illegible] the errors of sophistry.

Few of the men who listened to him [illegible] have told you scientifically where his arg[illegible] were incorrect, for they had no knowl[illegible] logic, but I was glad to notice that most o[illegible] had common sense, for his reception w[illegible] enthusiastic.

One correspondent accuses myself, and [illegible] editors who condemn socialism, of havi[illegible] private axe to grind. We have.

We want to see the country more pros[illegible] we want to see a return of the trade th[illegible] Socialist element in politics has driven a[illegible] If the country were more prosperous, [illegible] would have more money to spend on pape[illegible] on everything else. We editors would [illegible] and so would all our fellow countrymen.

ADAM STERN. The manner in which I ma[illegible] acquaintance of Adam Ster[illegible] (author of our new seri[illegible] "Richard Selby: Englishman") is rather int[illegible] esting.

I never delegate to anyone else the t[illegible] reading the manuscripts submitted for m[illegible] sideration, because I am particularly k[illegible] finding fresh talent, and, though I have [illegible] confidence in the abilities of my assista[illegible] feel that with my greater experience I [illegible] able to discover merit which they would p[illegible]

One evening when all my staff had [illegible] when my office was perfectly quiet and [illegible] was no risk of the telephone ringing and [illegible] rupting me, I sat me down to tackle a bu[illegible] manuscripts. I had not gone very far w[illegible] came to a story called "The Choice."

My opinion of that story I have already tol[illegible] you. It was the most dramatic thing I had re[illegible] for years. But its setting was so bold t[illegible] was afraid many readers would be offend[illegible] its publication.

I wrote beneath the printed notic[illegible] tion form: "Strong stuff, but a bit too [illegible] for some of our readers.—Ed." I slipp[illegible] form and the manuscript back in its en[illegible]

Then I changed my mind.

"It is strong stuff," I argued, "but my readers are strong men."

I unearthed the story from the basket which held the "rejecteds," and next morning I wrote to its author, Adam Stern, inviting him to come and see me.

THE MAN I WAS LOOKING FOR. From his insight into [illegible] nature, and from the finish[illegible] of his writing, I expected [illegible] prove a man well on in years. At our m[illegible] was surprised, though by no means [illegible] pointed, to find him a young man somew[illegible] about my own age.

In personality he is what you would d[illegible] as a strong man. He has a wide jaw [illegible] way of looking very straight at you.

I soon saw that his views on most s[illegible] coincided with my own, though his ability [illegible] expressing these views in words is greater th[illegible] mine is ever likely to be. We discussed the subject-matter of various stories and sketches which have since appeared in these pages, and my opinion of Mr. Stern's work gra[illegible] creased till at last I set him a task for t[illegible] complishment of which I had long been s[illegible] ing for a man of the right type.

I wanted a series of short stories the k[illegible] of which should be vigorous modern ma[illegible] and my closer acquaintance with Mr. St[illegible] both as a writer and a man, showed me that he was the one I had been looking for to do the stories.

Besides being a man of strong physique a sportsman, he is a thorough artist in words.

I gave him the commission, "Richard Selby: Englishman," is the result, and I am fully satisfied.

Your Editor.

Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.

The Two Chauffeurs

COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

By E. TILTON.

There was no love lost between Orford and Aylmer; all their fellow taxi-cab drivers at the rank were well aware of that.

What was at the root of the trouble, both had almost forgotten. All they knew or cared was that they hated each other most cordially.

But the quarrel had had its beginning through Aylmer once shaving Orford's cab by a hair's breadth. Orford's temper was rutiled, for a damaged cab meant the dismissal of its driver.

"Call that driving?" he said. "Dashing about the traffic like that? If I couldn't drive better than that, I'd take to a donkey-barrow."

"I should if I were you. You are best fitted for that," was Aylmer's quick retort.

"Pity Hillman didn't see you," he responded. "You'd jolly soon know what's what if he'd been by."

Hillman was their employer.

"You go and drive the donkey-barrow you said you preferred. It's not my fault you can't drive a motor. I'm not to blame for that."

And Aylmer drove off with all the honours of victory apparently, judging from the grinning and bantering remarks of the little crowd that had at once assembled.

From that hour the two were at daggers drawn, and lost no opportunity of annoying each other by word or action.

This had been going on for some time; but one day matters reached a crisis.

Orford happened one day to be returning to the rank, when he discovered that Aylmer was driving four fares behind him. Both cabs were empty, as the road was clear; determined, and with malice prepense, as a newspaper reporter would say, Orford took out the clutch violently, put on both brakes and pulled up without warning. Aylmer was obliged to pull up as sharply as to hurl the occupants of his cab upon each other in a heap and cause the taxi-studded tyres fairly to strike sparks from the road.

Then on again Orford glided, laughing at the discomfiture of his enemy.

Aylmer was compelled to bottle up his wrath; but he there and then vowed he would get even, and that before he was much older.

Before they met again, he had hatched a plot as vindictive as it was desperate.

He knew that Orford was in the habit of taking round a traveller, a Mr. Marriott, every morning, and that at two minutes to one, as punctually as the clock itself, he drove up to the rank for the lunch hour.

"What could be simpler or neater than for me to be leaving the rank at the same time, ostensibly to pick up a pre-arranged fare, and run into him as he comes round the corner?" said Aylmer to himself, grinning with anticipatory triumph. "I can catch his cab broadside on and so be able to damage it considerably, without any great risk to myself or my own vehicle."

He reminded himself, too, with gloating satisfaction that the firm, in the case of a collision between one of their own taxicabs, invariably dismissed the driver whose vehicle was most damaged, without question or inquiry.

At exactly three minutes to one, Aylmer drove away from the rank and shot, with gathering speed, down the street towards the corner.

Punctual as ever, Orford came swinging round it.

Aylmer had calculated things to a nicety.

A quick turn of the steering-wheel, and he crashed heavily into Orford. The bonnet of his car struck the near door of the other cab, bursting it from its hinges and shattering the panels, and moreover he buckled up both near wheels and smashed some of the driving gear.

Up bustled a policeman, a stranger to them both as it happened; and the usual crowd gathered round.

"He did it purposely," Orford protested. "I know he did it purposely. He has had a grudge against me for some time."

"You miserable liar! I——"

"Steady on! We want none of that," said the constable, sharply.

He took their names and numbers, and, learning they belonged to the same garage, allowed Aylmer to drive off. His cab had suffered very little injury—remarkably little, considering the force of the collision.

Orford ruefully contemplated the damage done to his.

"It's the sack, sure enough," he said. "The regulations allow of no argument or appeal. I'll have to go. It's a damned shame!"

And feeling anything but amiable or happy, Orford left the cab in the policeman's care, and returned to the yard to fetch the repair truck.

"You're safe to be sacked, Orford," said one of the cleaners to him, as he loafed about the garage after his damaged cab had been brought in, waiting for the unpleasant interview before him with Mr. Hillman.

"I know I am," he replied, too thoroughly depressed to resent the tactlessness of the remark, "but it's a beastly shame. You fellows know as well as I do that Aylmer did it out of sheer spite."

The cleaners went off, leaving him to his own gloomy reflections.

"What shall I do if I get the sack? And that's a dead cert.," he told himself. "I'll do what I've all along wanted to do. Yes, I'll emigrate to Canada. I believe there's a chance of a fellow getting on over there, if he's not afraid of work."

Presently he saw Aylmer drive into the yard, and, dismounting, hop inside the office.

"Come back for petrol, I suppose. Damn him, I only wish I could get him outside and round some quiet corner for a few minutes," growled Orford savagely. "I'd spoil his beauty for him! I'd paste him so's his own brother wouldn't know him."

And then Orford fell back in astonishment. Aylmer had come out of the office with a face as long as the proverbial fiddle, and he was walking unsteadily like a sick or a drunken man, instead of with his usual springy, buoyant step. Something had happened to him—that was obvious—for, passing by his cab, he walked out of the yard!

Orford stood looking after his departing figure in utter bewilderment.

"Heard the news, Orford?" whispered the voice of Woodall, a cleaner. "But I don't see how you can have. Aylmer's got the sack—not you!"

"What!"

"It's right. Benson was in the office and heard the clerk say that Mr. Hillman had rung him up on the telephone to discharge Aylmer on the spot—as soon as he came in. A friend of Hillman's happened to see the collision between you, and, meeting Hillman immediately after, told him that Aylmer was decidedly in fault and steered right into you, when he might easily have prevented an accident."

Orford was surprised no less at the news than at the effect it had upon himself. All his late bitterness against Aylmer was gone now, and he found it in his heart to feel sorry for him.

Next morning when Orford drove up to the stores where he always picked up Mr. Marriott, the traveller, that gentleman came rushing out to him in a state of great excitement.

"Chauffeur," he said, "I must catch the steamer that leaves the London Dock at ten o'clock. It's a matter of almost life and death."

Orford glanced at his watch and then at a clock near.

"I'm afraid it's impossible, sir," he replied.

"You must do it, man—you must! Away with you! Don't lose a moment. Drive your fastest. Never mind the police. Bother them! Listen here! I'll pay you fifty pounds, man—fifty pounds, if you catch that boat."

They were already gliding swiftly along the street, and Mr. Marriott was leaning out of the window of the cab.

"I'll do my best, sir," Orford promised, "though it seems a hopeless case."

Like a meteor they flashed along the thoroughfares, luck befriending them and no stony-hearted policeman falling foul of their pace. With all the deftness of the born motor-driver—and, like poets, first-class chauffeurs are born, they say, not made—Orford picked his way through the throng of vehicles, running on his top gear.

In and out of the lines of traffic he wound, round this lumbering old horse-'bus, in between this private motor-car and that heavy dray. They were not pulled up once, remarkable to relate—not a single block did they encounter; and whenever there was open road, Orford fairly made the cab fly, regardless of the L.C.C. and its by-laws.

He did it. The cab dashed on to the quay-side at five minutes to the hour.

"Bravo, chauffeur!" cried Mr. Marriott, as he sprang out. "Here's what I promised you—fifty pounds in notes. You'll find them correct. By-bye!"

With the notes safely reposing in his breast pocket, Harry Orford drove leisurely back from the docks.

"Now what shall I do with the money?" he asked himself. "I think I'll do as I thought of doing, if I had been sacked yesterday. I'll emigrate."

He had reached the city again and was pulled up by a block when his eye fell upon Aylmer in the bustling crowd on the pavement. Aylmer was without his uniform and looked very down in the mouth.

He did not appear to see Orford, who drove forward more swiftly when the policeman waved the traffic on.

Arriving at the garage, Orford went straight into the office.

"I believe," he said to the clerk, "that Mr. Hillman promised he would take Aylmer on again, on paying for the damage done to my cab?"

"Yes, he did; but——"

"Well, here's the money. Twenty-five pounds I heard it was. You'll find those notes all right, I fancy. I've just this request to make of you, that you don't tell Aylmer who it was that paid the money."

Next morning when he entered the garage, he saw Aylmer in the yard, and once more in uniform. He pretended not to see his old foe, but the latter came straight over to him.

"Orford," he said, "you're a brick! I—I hardly know what to say to you. The clerk wouldn't tell me who paid the money—said he'd been specially asked not to. But Collins, the cleaner, said he knew for a fact that it was you. Orford, you've heaped coals of fire on my head, with a vengeance. Let's be pals!"

And they were.

BUSINESS IS BUSINESS

A WEEKLY FEATURE
Conducted by
R. A. MACNAUGHTEN.

ADVERTISEMENT CANVASSING.

The advertisement canvasser is regarded by a good many people as a rather down-at-heel person, but those who hold this opinion must have met only the unsuccessful men in this line of business.

Advertisement canvassing is one of those trades which can be taken up without previous experience, and hence we find in it many who have tried other jobs and have failed, and who are going to fail again, because they lack the necessary qualities for success.

That advertisement canvassing can be made by the right men into an extremely lucrative business is proved by the fact that every paper in London has on its staff an advertisement manager who draws a handsome salary; sometimes it runs into thousands a year, and in many instances his commission has assumed such gigantic proportions, that the proprietors of the journal in question have found it the best policy to make him a partner.

Although it requires no experience, I should not advise the man who is down on his luck to become an advertisement canvasser.

To succeed in this calling you must have an appearance of prosperity, and a certain amount of good spirits, things wholly incompatible with poverty.

No man should enter this business unless he can afford to live for three or four months apart from his earnings. If he has this amount of money at his back he may approach some journal, and suggest that he be taken on probation drawing commission only, and that if he brings a fair amount of business he be taken upon the permanent staff. Before the expiration of the three months he will know whether or not he is going to be a successful canvasser.

The novice will be well advised to study the columns of rival papers, in order to see which advertisers may possibly patronise the one he himself represents. He should then make himself acquainted, as far as possible, with the goods they are selling, for he must at least have some pretensions to this knowledge when he is discussing with the advertiser the advisability of giving him an order.

Always carry a few copies of the journal you represent with you. Even if the paper is a well-known one this is a precaution which must not be neglected. With a few copies you can afford to leave one in the hands of a prospective advertiser, and thus keep your proposals before him.

I should strongly advise the novice to attach himself not to an old established paper, but to a young and growing one. On the latter he can obtain much better terms.

The older papers have already reached their limit in the matter of advertising. They know exactly how much space they can let, and at what rates, and they have a natural tendency to cut down the remuneration of their canvassers to a little more than a living wage.

On a paper which has yet to make its way, however, you may persuade the proprietors to sign a contract promising you ten or fifteen per cent. on all orders which you may secure. It is not difficult to see that with such an arrangement you may very soon build up a substantial income.

The main thing is to consider carefully whether the paper is really one that is going to catch the public taste. If the paper itself does not go, your efforts can be of small avail, for you have no power in the matter of increasing circulation, or in advising an editorial policy.

Before coming to an arrangement with any paper, you should have a very definite understanding in regard to commission. Most proprietors are prepared to allow a very substantial commission to their advertisement staff, but on many papers the bulk of this commission is absorbed by the advertisement manager, who sits luxuriously in his office while his subordinates bring in the orders at a minimum wage.

First, therefore, see that you have a definite contract; and second, work hard. In this line "it's dogged as does it."

ARE EMPLOYEES GRATEFUL?

I once heard an employer say to one of his men who was resigning: "I think, Jameson, you might have remembered all I have done for you before you decided on this step."

The implication was that the employee was ungrateful.

But has gratitude any place at all in business life? You are in the habit of patronising a certain tobacconist, and one day you learn that he has sold his business, and bought another in some distant town. You would not dream of saying to him that you thought it ungrateful of him to leave you after all the ounces of tobacco you had bought from him. In the same way it is futile for an employer to accuse an employee of ingratitude, if the latter is doing something which is perfectly honest, to improve his position.

Honesty and good service an employer has a right to expect, and moreover, unless he is suffering from some mental ailment, he will exact it; but gratitude is an unknown quantity in the office. An employer pays a man to do certain work because he is thus enabled to make more money. He never pays his employee all that that employee is worth; if he did there would be no profit for him on the transaction.

Every employee, therefore, is earning for his chief more money than he gets. That is his chief's advantage. The employee on the other hand has the benefit of the office organisation to enable him to earn a living. That is his advantage. So one may cry quits on both sides, and gratitude or the reverse does not enter into the question at all.

STUDY THE PEOPLE'S TASTE.

It is highly necessary for any man having a commodity to sell to make as certain as possible whether it will meet the tastes of the customers for whose use it is designed.

A friend of mine some years ago determined to float a patent medicine. He bought the recipe from one of our leading physicians, and I may say without bias that it was one of the best cure-alls on the market; but at the outset he made one fatal mistake.

In spite of the fact that he spent a small fortune in advertising his compound, it did not seem to catch on, and it was only by a mere chance that he discovered the reason for its failure.

His medicine was in the form of a liquid and was water-white, and he had no idea that the people who patronise this type of goods have a distinct prejudice in favour of something coloured. Everybody knows that water is the main constituent of any bottle of medicine, but if the mixture is left the colour of water, the purchaser supposes that he is buying practically water alone.

On learning his error, my friend added a harmless colouring fluid to his medicine, which from that time steadily rose in popularity till it is now one of the most popular remedies sold.

I give this simply as an illustration of the necessity for studying not only the needs, but the whims of the prospective customer.

WHY TYPEWRITE?

The business man who can afford to employ an assistant to take down his letters in shorthand and type them out, is enjoying an obvious advantage. The time occupied in dictating is very much less than that of writing the letters, and so he is on each communication able to save a few moments, which in the total of the day's work may amount to several hours.

In the case of the man who does all his own letters, however, wherein lies the advantage of possessing a typewriter? You do not type appreciably quicker than you write by hand, and so if you have no expert shorthand writer there is no saving of time.

The typewriter is a useful asset to such a man nevertheless. He can write with it just as quickly as he can by hand, and his letters have the advantage of being distinctly written. Every man believes that his handwriting is legible, and nine out of every ten strangers believe that it is not. By typing his letters he makes it impossible for his communications to be misunderstood.

There is yet another argument in favour of the typewriter. The man who is in business in a small way does not want to let everybody know that he has not all the facilities of a larger establishment. Thus when he types a letter he gives his correspondents an impression that he has probably dictated it, and that he is consequently in rather a bigger way of business than is the fact. This is a very mild deception, and not a very costly one, but it has its value in the struggle for business supremacy.

TALKING SHOP.

It greatly helps you to learn the experiences of other business men, but you won't get them to tell you if you simply ask them.

The right way is to chat about the amusing incidents of your daily work. That arouses interest and brings forth other stories.

Then is the time for the tactful question; you can't get information without tact.

LONDON EXPERIENCE.

Several provincial readers have written to me whether I should advise them to come to London.

I am inclined to say "Yes," and I should say the same thing to any Londoner who asked me whether he should go to the provinces.

When a man thinks of transferring his energies to another town, it shows an evidence of a certain power of initiation and freedom from the trammels of conservatism. It shows that he is willing to put himself to inconvenience in order to make money. It proves that he is active in the fight and I should be sorry in any way to damp his ardour.

London experience has its value and its drawbacks. London is like a great business college. The provinces may be likened to smaller ones. In London the chances are that he will be set to work at one particular branch of his trade or profession, and he will not find as many great opportunities for developing as an all-round man.

If I had to learn a new business I should endeavour to get work with a small firm where I would obtain insight in every branch of the work. Probably it would be a small firm in the provinces.

On the other hand I should endeavour to obtain London experience as a sort of finishing polish, before starting on my own account.

Most of the successful London business men of my own acquaintance have had their training in the provinces.

If you are a draper's assistant, for example, you will find it much easier to get a good post in the provinces, if you have been for a time in a London wholesale warehouse. You will see that there is thus something to be said for both London and provincial towns. Each has its claims, but, taking things all over, I should say that London affords the best opportunities for making a great fortune.

THE TOUGH'S SURRENDER.

AN EPISODE.

The Tough was feeling bad, horribly bad, and he looked bad.

But it was not his blackened bruised face that annoyed him. No, not a scrap. He was hardened to physical pain; but his dignity had been hurt, his pride had had a fall.

And it was all through that blanked Toff! How the Tough hated toffs—yes, worse than policemen. He looked on any man who wore a collar as even inferior to a woman. Toffs were never men of their hands.

And this blooming fashion plate comes along, and just because the Tough, in a larky moment, kicked his dog, the blanked image, instead of crumpling up, turns round and, with as nice a right hander as need be, "spreads out" the Tough, the undisputed champion fighting man of Paradise Rents, right into the middle of the gutter.

And then, instead of accepting the awful bashing, which the righteously enraged Tough intended to hand over to him, he coolly keeps the said undisputed champion at the end of a straight left arm, while he shows him a variation of new and choice hits with a piston-rod like right, which the Tough could only stop with his classic countenance. Oh, it was sickening! Blanked sickening!

Of course the "gang" had chaffed him a bit. He didn't mind that. He was a good enough man yet to shut their mouths at any time.

No, he had fallen from a higher pinnacle of greatness than they had ever set him on. His little cripple brother Teddy, the only being he loved, and whose respect he cared for, had seen it all from the window which he never left, save when the Tough carried him to bed.

How well the Tough could recall the little face he had seen when, under the ministrations of his "pals" he had come round. He thought of the look of stupefaction, of grief, it wore. It was the face of one whose idol has been shattered.

And then, that tone of grudging admiration: "Say, Jimmie, couldn't that feller fight? Didn't 'e just paste yer lovely?"

Oh, he couldn't stand it. He would pay out the blighter. He could bide his time. His chance would come.

It came before the blue tinge had faded from round his eyes. It was a "fair cop" and no mistake.

He and two others of the gang were returning from a foraging expedition down the West End. His tricky little skull-cracker was tucked up his sleeve ready for any emergency of offence or defence.

Who is this coming along the quiet street? His enemy the Toff, strangely dishevelled, and with one arm, that terrible right, bound in a rude sling.

Had it been in his line the Tough would have offered up a prayer of thanksgiving. It was such an easy thing—three to one—and the one disabled.

Right up to him the Tough swaggers.

"Do yer know me again, Mr. Tailor's Dummy?" he inquires.

"Out of my way. Would you, you h o u n d! Oh!——"

The skull-cracker had got in its deadly work, and that mass lying so silently on the damp pavement was all that was left of the greatest middle-weight his 'Varsity had produced for years.

The Tough kicked it, and then his half scared friends hurried him away.

But what is that red glare in the sky away in the East? Some big building is on fire. They have noticed it for a long time back, but have paid little attention. As they go on it grows more distinct. A man hurries past.

"What's afire?" growls the Tough.

"Paradise Rents," is the brief reply.

"The Rents! My God! Little Teddy!"

And the Tough is off, running as he never ran before. The little chap couldn't walk, couldn't get out! He'd be burned sure!

At last he reaches the spot, and tears his way through the crowd.

"Is everybody out?" he gasps. "Little Teddy——?"

"Here Jim," comes a childish treble.

There he is, wrapped in a large shawl, sitting on an arm-chair, motherly Mrs. Maloney beside him. The relief is almost too much for the Tough. Things swim before his eyes, but he pulls himself together. "How'd yer get out, kid?" he asks tenderly.

Mrs. Maloney made haste to explain: "Shure, an' a rale hero gentleman went through that hell-fire an' brought him out, a swell he were, but the bravest bhoy I've ever seen. Find him, Jimmie, an' if ever need comes to lay down your life for him, do it, for he nearly lost his this night in the savin' of yure little brother." Her eyes were eloquent with the admiration she felt for the brave rescuer.

"You'll not pay him out now for the bashin' he gave you, Jimmie?" asked Teddy pleadingly. "He was so kind, an' he hurt his arm. The doctor had to put it in a sling, an'——"

A sickness came over the Tough. He thought of a silent figure lying on a damp pavement. Its arm was in a sling, and he had noticed soot on the white face before he had struck with the cruel skull-cracker.

"For Heaven's sake, kiddie, speak. Who was he?"

"Why the toff who knocked yer out last week," answered the little boy, "an' yer won't hurt him now, will yer, Jim?"

The Tough leant on the chair for support. The toff-who-knocked-him-out. And he had killed him; battered the life out of him; the life he had risked to save the little cripple boy's.

"No, kid, I'll not hurt him—now."

His voice was jerky, hesitating. Then he straightened up.

"Good-bye, kid; kiss me, I'm going away for a while. Mrs. Maloney, you'll look after him, won't yer? I've got to go."

"Cops after ye, Jimmie?" inquired the old woman.

"Yes, cops after me." He laughed, but he did not seem merry.

"An' they'll get me easier this time than ever before, 'cos I'm going to them."

But the woman and the child did not understand till the morning came. NEIL M. CURRIE.

CAN YOU WRITE AN ARTICLE?

THE MODERN MAN *offers a better market to writers than does any other paper, as we do not use scissors and paste, but buy every line that appears in these pages.*

The Editor is at all times happy to consider suitable articles and stories; they must have go and dash about them—the type used in the old-fashioned weeklies is of no use for THE MODERN MAN.

An offer is promptly made for approved contributions, and on acceptance of this by the author, payment is forwarded immediately.

No manuscript can be returned unless a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed; the Editor accepts no responsibility for accidental loss.

Address all manuscripts to The Editor, THE MODERN MAN, *Westinghouse Building, Strand, London.*

NIGHT ON THE RIVER.

Fear, mystery, despair, float past us on the waters.—WHITE.

It was a dark, moonless night and inclined to be foggy, as I took my seat in the stern of the police boat, or "galley," as they call it.

The crew of a police galley consists of two constables and a sub or third-class inspector. The constables wore glazed watermen's hats and pea-jackets, the sub-inspector a peaked cap and boat-cloak.

The inspector took his place beside me and steered, while the constables pulled an oar each with practised ease. Gently we dropped down the river from Waterloo Bridge.

"How many boats are employed in the service?" the inspector repeated in answer to my query. "Well, there are about thirty galleys and two steam launches, the 'Chowkidar,' that you saw a minute ago at Waterloo, and the 'Watch,' stationed at Wapping.

"Of course most of us, like the fire brigade, are old sailors; and we must all know how to row and swim. There are no sergeants in our force, for a curious reason. We third-class inspectors rank next to the constables, and correspond to the sergeants in the ordinary police force. We are called inspectors because there is a law to the effect that only inspectors may board vessels."

"What game do you chiefly fly at?" I asked.

"Oh, sneak-thieves of all kinds. The rogues hire or 'pirate' rowboats, and pull alongside unguarded ships at anchor in midstream, climb aboard by the cable or the bowsprit gear, and lift any unconsidered trifles they find. Sometimes they are daring enough to dive down into the cabins and rifle them.

"There was a laughable case once. The captain's wife was asleep, and, hearing someone moving about in the dark near her berth, she thought it was the dog. 'Is that you, Rover? Rover, come here!' she called, and she put out her hand and felt for the dog. The thief had the resource to let her feel a fluffy rug he had picked up at the cabin-door; and, satisfied, the lady turned over in her bunk and went to sleep again. There was quite an epidemic of such 'piracies' from ships at anchor a short time ago, but we nailed the gang at last."

"How did you manage it?"

"One of our galleys saw a boat alongside a vessel, and it cleared off with suspicious haste on being challenged. Chase was given, and the fellows were overhauled, when they resisted capture furiously with the oars. There were three of them, but they were soon knocked over and secured.

"More than once the watchman on a ship at the wharves has been taken unawares, and either 'sandbagged' or pitched overboard. There was a case where the man was gagged and bound hand and foot quite lately.

"Then some time ago there were many thefts from houseboats up the river, but our 'beat' seldom extends that far."

We were now well out in mid-river; the wind was penetrating, and the waves high and choppy. Gleaming lights glistened upon the dark, oily water, and deep shadows loomed at either side.

"There's something!" said the inspector, clutching my arm.

It was a human body—a woman's, young, and once beautiful. The inspector hooked it alongside with a grapnel.

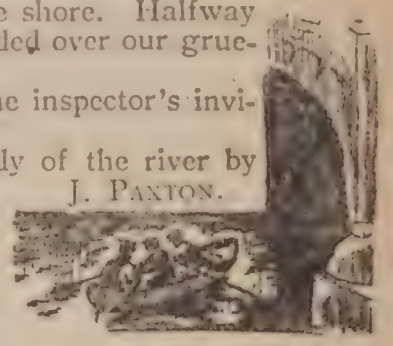
"Dead?" I asked.

"Hours ago," he replied. "The usual case! Frailty fair, gone, let us hope, to a better world."

The water had not wholly washed the rouge off her cheeks. We did not take the poor remains aboard, to my intense relief, but towed them behind and made for the shore. Halfway we met a patrol-boat, and handed over our gruesome find to it.

I landed then, in spite of the inspector's invitation to continue the voyage.

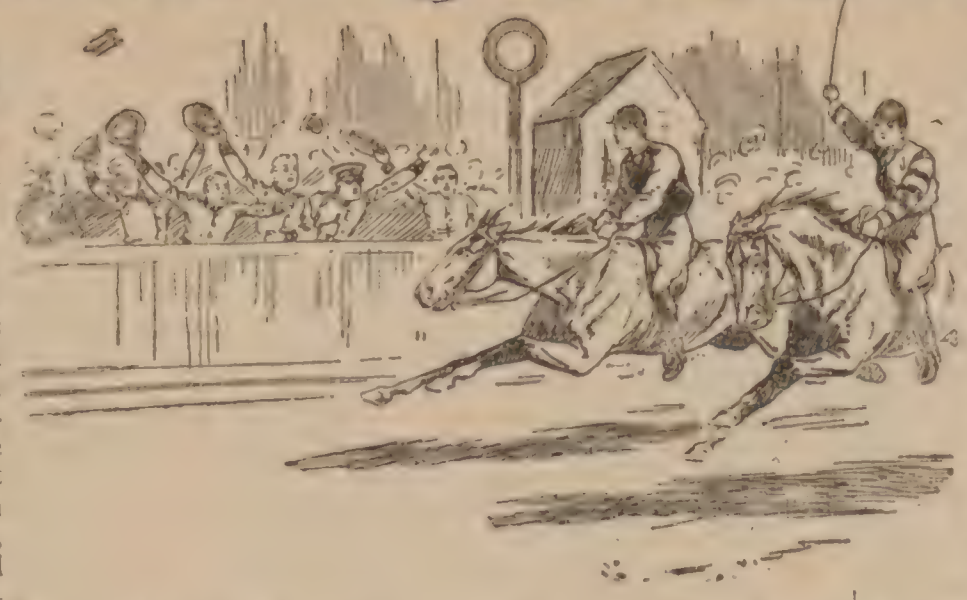
I had seen too much already of the river by night. J. PAXTON.



COMPLETE SHORT STORY.

KERNAHAN'S GRAND MILITARY

By JOHN HILARY GARRATT.



I.

There is no doubt that Trooper Kernahan, of the "King's Own" was surprised. He was also vastly flattered, and wondered why the honour of a letter from the Colonel himself should be conferred on him, seeing that he had been the most unconscionable defaulter at the bygone Camp.

It can only be concluded that even the Colonel of such a high spirited, and somewhat turbulent regiment as the Blankshire Imperial Yeomanry had a forgiving heart beneath his blue and yellow uniform. The letter was written in the informal strain in which one gentleman addresses another, and it bade Mr. Archibald Harris Kernahan to repair, on a certain general holiday, to the palatial country seat of Colonel Blenkinsop, for a purpose not unconnected with the forthcoming Grand Military Steeplechase at Methersett.

It was evident to Kernahan, to whom a good horse was more than a pretty girl (sometimes!), that his revered commanding officer had something extra hot up his sleeve.

Therefore, the general holiday, which one naturally regrets to state was a Sunday, found Kernahan installed in a first-class "smoker" on his way to Grundall, a pretty and aristocratic little place, some sixteen miles out of the town of Brermouth.

He was a young man whom circumstance had doomed to a stool in a land agent's office, but whose instincts were those of a sporting country gentleman—and the country gentleman is both the type and the backbone of England when one comes to sift class from class.

But it was not such thoughts as these that were running through Kernahan's brain when a groom on the station at Grundall obsequiously asked if he were "Mr. Kernahan."

The keen, scent-laden breeze of an early May morning was blowing in his face. Kernahan, resplendent in a well-cut pair of riding breeches, sniffed the air delightedly, and remarked to the groom that he "supposed he was Colonel Blenkinsop's man, eh?"

The groom touched his hat and followed him respectfully to a smart dog cart, in the shafts of which a cobby piebald pawed the ground restlessly, and was trying, in vain, to wrench his head out of the controlling hands of a diminutive footman.

This, to Kernahan, was a draught of life-as-it-should-be. He quaffed it luxuriously, nor would he allow his beloved pipe to taint the morning air.

Grundall House, the residence of Colonel Blenkinsop, was two miles distant from the station. The piebald, a rare goer, was stepping it out in his best show style, and Kernahan fervently wished that five miles or more separated them from their destination—for this was Heaven!

Distance, however, being exactly as disobliging to the wishes of man as Time, the rubber-tyred wheels of the trap were soon crunching on the gravel of Colonel Blenkinsop's drive.

The heavy oaken door opened to him at once and he was greeted effusively. The Colonel, attired in a check riding suit, his pink neck adorned with a large silken hunting stock, looked the complete aristocratic trainer.

The little man by his side was, to all appearances, a born jockey—overburdened with a slight superabundance of weight.

The plot thickened! There was a twinkle in the eye of Colonel Blenkinsop, which portended that the Methersett Grand Military Cup was rather likely to adorn the heavy mahogany sideboard—from the cupboard of which the Colonel had extracted a bottle of cherry brandy for the refreshment of his guests.

Kernahan's surmise regarding the little man was surprisingly accurate, for he was introduced to him as "Mr. Charles Starcher, of Newmarket."

Now Charlie Starcher had ridden many winners over the flat, and it was only when his increasing weight would no longer submit to the reducing qualities of Turkish baths, that he took over a big "Haras" in France. Here, he had generally managed to turn out something too good for the Frenchmen at Longchamps, Chantilly, and other "Courses à cheval."

He was an old friend of the Colonel's and was spending a holiday with his brother at Newmarket.

This brother was so friendly to the Colonel that he was in the habit of wiring him a small percentage of winners, and many losers, from time to time!

Charles Starcher, who was always delighted to do anything for Colonel Blenkinsop, had readily acceded to his request to "try" a certain "dark" Irish-bred horse by the name of Terence, lately acquired by the Colonel for the sole purpose of winning the forthcoming Methersett "Grand Military" Steeplechase. Colonel Blenkinsop had owned a series of aggravating seconds in this race for several years past. He intended to win it now for the glory of the Blankshire Yeomanry in general, and himself in particular.

In earnest tones he unfolded his plans to Kernahan and the diminutive Mr. Starcher.

"Gentlemen," he concluded, "if Terence can give seven pounds and a beating to my Fleeting Footstep, who was a close second last year—just my luck!—the Grand Military, next week, is all over!"

"It will be one to the King's Own, sir!" Kernahan exclaimed enthusiastically.

"And a bit out of the bookies for *us!*" added the practical Mr. Starcher.

II.

To win the Methersett Grand Military Steeplechase is more of an honour than a pecuniary advantage.

The cup which goes with the somewhat inconsiderable stake is surmounted by a silver racehorse, and, on the scroll around its polished sides are inscribed many names honoured in the military world.

The Captains of the Barracks in the county town of Blankshire invariably supplied a hot favourite, who regularly brought sorrow to the hearts of the bookmakers by winning.

Methersett is a small but stuck-up little meeting with an earl for its chief steward, and although the jumps are usually constructed to suit that nobleman's competitor, it wants a horse that can "lep" pretty well, and a rider with nerve to negotiate it successfully. The rule at Methersett is to make the rider of the Grand Military winner handsomely drunk on champagne, and then the club luncheon headwaiter is told off to guard him until the card is concluded.

When the three went to inspect Terence, Charlie Starcher, cherishi no malice from the hors attempt to taste his ri hand, pronounced him regular topper." He had quart which were manifestly built for jun ing, and such a temper that he had quently attempted to make a meal the small footman.

With Charles Starcher on the b of the fractious Terence, Kernahan Fleeting Footstep, and the Cole bestriding a favourite hunter, made their way over to the priv steeplechase training ground neighbouring baronet who was losing his fortune over the horses badly trained thereon himself—for love of the thing.

The baronet was there by appoi ment. The "gallop" was fitted w everything that money could buy, cluding a regulation starting gate.

Kernahan's instructions were to Fleeting Footstep out for all she was wo and, as the Colonel said, she could show a turn of speed when asked. Terence weighted to concede the mare seven pounds o the Grand Military distance.

The Irish horse, discovering after a time he had an experienced man on his back, sett down and stood quietly for an instant by tapes.

S-w-i-p! Up they went and, acting on structions, Kernahan let the mare go ba away, and held the lead until a couple of fen from home, when Starcher on Terence, was pulling strong, caught him, and they over together beautifully. All this was joy to Kernahan, who yelled out a challenge Mr. Starcher as they cleared.

Up went Charlie's whip, and Fleeting F step responded grandly to a reminder fr Kernahan.

"Damme—I'd give a thousand to see the win!" the baronet delightedly exclaimed to colonel. "He's smart for a novice."

But it was all over for the mare. Terence jumped the last fence just ahead of Fleeting Footstep and beat her in the straight fair easily by several lengths.

"Well ridden, young man!" said the baron as Archibald dismounted.

"The Grand Military's a gift for you Colonel," said Charlie Starcher. "I've ne really asked this joker to go yet, but gad! wants a bit of riding!"

"The conditions of the race are 'military up,'" the Colonel observed.

"Then by George," began the baron ing admiringly at Kernahan, "why not—"

"No, sir!" Kernahan interrupted him. dearly he would have loved the honour his quick brain had actually conceived for throwing away.

"Colonel Blenkinsop," he said, "the tions of the race are as you say. It's men' up, sure enough. Therefore I Mr. Charles Starcher as a most excellent for 'B' Squadron of the dear old King Own!"

"Good Lord!" exclaimed the Colonel in vent admiration. "What do you say, Charles

"Right—I'm on," the little man repl characteristically.

* * * * * * *

When one considers that the regulation sword would have reached Mr. Starcher's ch it is a comforting reflection that the sum of could buy him out of the Yeomanry—after race!

III.

Race day at Methersett is by no means similar to other meetings. One pays ex prices to enter the little topsy-turvy which a racing sharp would turn his nose up—if asked to part with a half patronise it. There is no sort of protection the rain, and the highly "swagger" cl

cheon is partaken of beneath a canvas tent provided only for the members.

Attired in a coat with a large turned-up storm-collar to prevent unnecessary recognition, Mr. Charles Starcher was chatting with Kernahan and Colonel Blenkinsop in what the executive were pleased to term "The Paddock."

Kernahan with his pocket full of more money in notes and gold than it had yet held, was waiting until the last moment to pounce on the rising odds and execute the Colonel's commission.

The money was naturally pouring on Tortoise, who was installed a firm favourite at 2 to 1. The betting settled down to "six to one bar one," and any odds could be obtained "bar two or three." Terence was not noticed particularly in the betting—which was exactly the thing desired by Colonel Blenkinsop.

The saddling bell rang, and, buttoning his coat still closer round his head, Charlie Starcher elbowed his way through the crowd to the weighing-room. Once there he knew safety was sure, for the other riders were all military men, who, it was good to bet, would not recognise him, for he had not been in England for several years.

The reason for all this caution is apparent to a racing man, but to the layman it should be explained that a famous jockey on any horse would be sufficient to shorten the odds against it. "C. Starcher" had been so badly written on the board in the frame which signified the runners—Kernahan had obligingly helped a perspiring official in this department—that no one could possibly have translated it, and if they had, everyone knew that the *famous* Charles Starcher was training in France.

Nemesis, however, in the person of an aged Clerk of the Scales, waited on Charles.

"Why, how are you, Mr. Starcher?" that gentleman exclaimed. "Hanged if I dreamt you were the Trooper Starcher riding Terence. I *am* pleased to see you. Do you remember the day you won the Cesarewitch?"

The room was full of the military riders, who broke out into a confused murmur. Charles did not inform the clerk exactly how pleased he was to see *him*.

"Won the Cesarewitch?" exclaimed a young officer of Hussars. "Good Lord, you chaps, are we going to ride against the great Charlie Starcher?"

The crowd heard it outside and made a rush for the ring. "What price Terence?" was the general cry. They snapped up all the long odds, and in a few minutes Terence was equal favourite with Tortoise—and there was not a penny of the blissfully unconscious Colonel's money on!

They sent for the stewards, and the Colonel had to come to the weighing room. The noble Earl, who did not want to see his horse badly beaten, intimated that an amateur rider should be found for Terence—if the Colonel wished to be sportsmanlike.

Not waiting for the Colonel's word, Starcher took off his colours. He sent for Kernahan.

"Here," he said, "go in and win. You ride Terence in the Grand Military!"

Kernahan accepted the proffered colours. Then he turned to Colonel Blenkinsop, and handed him the handful of notes and gold he held.

"Plank it all down, sir!" he exclaimed. "I'll win or die in the bally attempt."

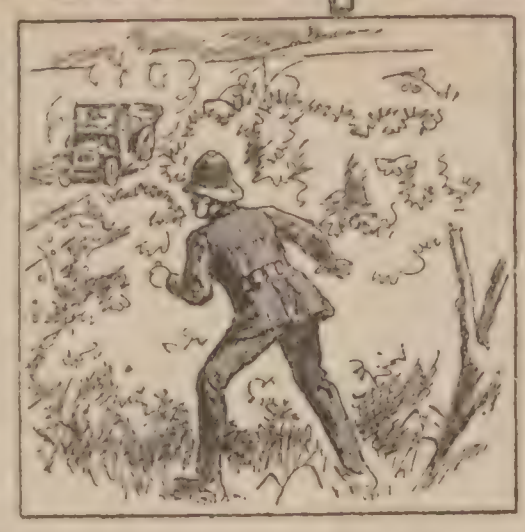
In the Ring, the price of Terence went out to 6 to 1, as Kernahan's name replaced Starcher's in the frame.

* * * * * *

How Trooper Archibald Harris Kernahan rode the Metropolitan Grand Military on Terence is a matter of history. History, however, does not know the Colonel almost wept as Kernahan topped each succeeding fence, or how Mr. Charles Starcher smashed his hat when he just cleared the fatal ditch.

But if you want to know what a Derby cheer is like you should have heard the "Hoorays!" of the "King's Own" men as Terence squeezed past the post a clever winner by half a length!

MOTOR TRAPS



HOW THEY ARE WORKED. AND A FEW SUGGESTIONS.

The action of the Automobile Association in appointing cyclists to warn scorching motorists of hidden police traps has practically received legal sanction.

It will be remembered how a Mr. Little, not himself a motorist or a paid scout, warned certain motorists that there was a police trap in the London-Road at Croydon. He was charged before the Croydon magistrates with obstructing the police, and the case was dismissed.

It was subsequently taken before a divisional court consisting of the Lord Chief Justice and Justices Ridley and Darling, and the action of the magistrates was upheld.

It shows a great lack of initiative that nobody has since that time thought of starting a limited company, whose servants would be deputed to watch every policeman in London and to warn burglars and other malefactors where each plain clothes man was stationed.

Such a company would doubtless be a great financial success, for every sinner would contribute to its funds, and after this decision it is scarcely likely that that company would fall foul of the law, for they might well plead that their warnings prevented burglars from committing crime.

Possibly some Napoleon may yet arise to float such an enterprising organisation, but meantime this warning of law breakers is confined to the Automobile Association, and, their action having been justified by the courts, the war between them and the police goes merrily on.

THE SIGNAL.

The police trap of the ordinary kind is an extremely simple thing. One plain clothes man hides behind a hedge, or, disguised as a rustic, seats himself on a gate and nibbles a straw. When a motor-car passes him he waves a handkerchief or a newspaper, which is a signal to another man a quarter of a mile down the road to start counting.

Immediately the second policeman sees the signal he snaps his stop-watch, and, if he finds that the oncoming motor covers the quarter mile in less than forty-five seconds, he blows a lusty blast on his whistle, and a third policeman, in uniform this time, steps into the middle of the road at a point still further down and stops the car.

Not infrequently it happens that the second policeman never has the pleasure of blowing his whistle throughout the whole of the day's watching. Hundreds of motor-cars come gliding along, but strangely enough not one covers the quarter mile in less than the legal time. Then it is that the three policemen begin to feel sore at heart, hold a conference, and dispatch one of their number up the road to see why it is that the naughty motorists are being so good.

KEEPING THE LAW—TEMPORARILY.

A mile forward he finds a motor scout with a metal badge on his coat and a yellow band on his arm greeting each car with a combination of a salute and a signal, and from that moment the speed of the car slackens visibly till two miles have been passed, and then, all danger being gone, the throttle is opened, and the owner whispers to his chauffeur: "Let her rip."

All this is very provoking from a policeman's point of view, and also from that of everybody else except the motorist, and so, there being necessity, invention is mothered in the brains of the county constables.

Across the Ripley-Road to the west of Cobham, just in the middle of a hill, a light suspension bridge runs across the road to unite two gardens. On this bridge a policeman lay one Sunday, unobserved by motorists and scouts alike, and giving the signal which could be easily seen by his second half a mile away beside the Royal Oak Inn.

That day the police bag was a heavy one, but the little suspension bridge is now carefully watched by scouts.

An official of the Surrey police recently hit upon the ingenious scheme of dressing himself like a cyclist, and wearing a piece of yellow cloth round his arm. Posing thus as a motor scout, he rode from trap to trap directing the operations of his subordinates, and it was not till late in the day that the imposture was suspected by Colonel W. J. Bosworth, Chairman of the Automobile Association.

MAN VERSUS MOTOR.

The Colonel endeavoured to take a snapshot of the official in order to establish his identity, but the official quickly mounted his bicycle and rode off. The Colonel motored in pursuit, and the policeman finding escape impossible, calmly waited till the motorist levelled his camera at him. Then, just as the shutter snapped, the bogus scout made such a terrible grimace that if the plate was not actually broken the likeness it produced was perfectly useless as evidence of identification.

It is under present conditions quite necessary that the cars should actually be stopped by a policeman. To rely upon registering their numbers is not enough.

To begin with it is extremely difficult for any but a highly trained eye to read the number of a rapidly moving car. But the chief difficulty lies in the fact that motorists have devised little ways and means by which identification plates can be obscured.

In those cars which are entered at the back, the step can be so arranged as to hang in front of the number plate and obscure part of it effectually. The front plate can generally be half-hidden and therefore made wholly unreadable, by raising the bonnet flap.

OIL AND DUST.

The favourite method, however, is to coat the number plate with oil. If the roads are dusty, the particles stick to the oil and make the plate absolutely unreadable. To circumvent these tricks the only way is to stop the car, when the plate can if necessary be cleaned and read.

We are very kind to motorists compared with the police of some countries. In America they used to shoot the tyres of a car that would not stop, but this practice has been largely discontinued owing to the bullets hitting some of the motorists.

An equally effective and more humane method has now been adopted; if a car refuses to stop, a telephone message is sent to a fire engine, which is waiting in a side road a mile or so farther on, and when the car comes alongside the occupants are deluged with water.

One of the best systems of dealing with non-stop motorists is that adopted in certain country districts of France. There a plank is let into the road so as to be flush with it and offer no hindrance to vehicles. When a motor refuses to stop the police pull a wire which causes this plank to turn over in its little ditch. As the inside is armed with stout iron spikes every tyre of the motor is ripped open and it is brought to a standstill.

Convictions are uncertain, but the cost of four ruined tyres is a thing which every motorist can appreciate, and the adoption of this method has been found to reduce scorching to a remarkable extent.

A. WALTER BINNS.

A MILITARY SKETCH.

By "CHINSTRAP."

When an army man "gets religion" he usually gets it bad. The Salvation Army, I believe, has had more than one recruit from the commissioned ranks of the regular forces, and I myself have known more than one army officer who was a lay preacher, or a religious enthusiast.

Now for heaven's sake don't think I am sneering at a military man, or any man, for being religious.

I have the deepest respect for a God-fearing man, and if he likes to combine active religious work with his military or any other duties, that is his affair, and anyone who jeers at him for his religious views is a skunk.

But when a man is what schoolboys call "pi," and is also a sneak, then one may be excused for disliking him and his particular form of religion, and doubting the sincerity and worth of both.

Such a combination of "pi" and sneak was Ferguson—of course, that is not his real name—adjutant of a depôt at which I put in a tour of service.

Ferguson had got religion bad. He used to preach at street corners, and he certainly would have preached in the ante-room if he had thought we would stand it.

As it was, if anybody said "damn" in the ante-room, he would, if the offender were junior to him, say "Hush"; if senior he would ostentatiously walk out of the room, wearing a pained expression.

Our major had a long "vocabulary" and a short temper, and Ferguson took on a lot of exercise on his behalf. That, however, is by the way.

If Ferguson had been a good chap, nobody would have minded his "pi-ness," but he was not a good chap. He was, as I have said, a sneak.

He was also a rotten bad soldier, although he was adjutant of the depôt. But then depôt adjutancies are as often as not given to married officers of limited means—such as Ferguson was—irrespective of their capabilities.

Ferguson was lazy when not chasing costermongers' souls.

He ought to have attended the early morning parades, but he frequently shirked them. On such occasions, however, he would get up and peep through his window to see whether the orderly officer was there to time. If he were not, he "ran him in."

Now that was "sneakish." And in other ways Ferguson did not play the game. He was always trying to "catch you out." No doubt for the good of your soul, but he need not have adopted "backstairs" methods, questioning the servants as to whether you ever entertained "beauty fair and frail" in your quarters and so on.

However, in the end Ferguson met his Waterloo, and this is the tale of it.

The Colonel was away on leave, and the Major was in command. The Major was a real good chap, except when his liver was troubling him—then he was "horrid." I have described him as "Barker" in another of these sketches. Things were unusually dull at the depôt, when a musical comedy company arrived in the town.

We went to see them, liked them, and desired to make their better acquaintance, more particularly as to certain fair members of the company.

"Boys," said the Major, "we'll challenge them to a cricket match." We did, and they accepted.

We expected that in addition to the team perhaps half-a-dozen or so of the leading men and ladies would turn up.

But the whole company came, fifty-three of them, including the wardrobe mistress, who after her third glass of port wept on my neck, and said I reminded her of her sweetheart when a boy.

You see, it was a bleak afternoon, although summer, and after the first half-an-hour we all watched the match from the mess-room windows.

The result of the match doesn't matter, but we had a real jolly afternoon and made some charming friendships.

The company were only at the theatre for a week, and as the days passed, we began to feel sad at the thought of parting from our new friends.

The Major was in great form; his wife was away, and he and the prima donna seemed to have discovered much in common. He shared our gloom as the week shortened.

"Boys," he said, having done himself extra well at lunch, "I'll tell you what we'll do. We'll give them a farewell supper party in the mess. Not the whole crowd, but about a dozen of them." And so it was arranged.

Now you needn't imagine you are going to hear an immoral story—for one thing the Editor wouldn't stand it, for another it wouldn't be true.

The Major was quite definite: "We'll have the girls, and give them a good time," he said, "but mind you, you young devils, there's to be no slinking off to your quarters, or canoodling in dark corners. Fun, but nothing more. Is that agreed?" It was agreed.

Well, we had a right-down, regular, royal feed, and a right-down, regular, royal time.

We danced, we sang, we played cricket, with the youngest subaltern's top-hat for a ball, and the fire-shovel for a bat.

We had kiss-in-the-ring, and hunt the slipper, and we tossed the ladies and the youngest subaltern in a blanket—you needn't pity him; he was as full of devilry as a barrelful of cobras and as tough as a nut.

We could scarce believe our ears when someone looked at the clock and remarked aghast that it was past seven o'clock in the morning. Another fellow and I saw our respective best girls to their lodgings and then returned to the mess, which was now deserted.

A couple of extra large brandies and sodas seemed a good idea, and we had just put it into execution when in walked the Adjutant, and gave one horrified glance at us and the room.

I daresay we looked pretty cheap, and certainly I have seen tidier ante-rooms.

There were two or three broken chairs, and a smashed card-table, the result of the Major's having tried to dance a hornpipe on it.

There were about three hundred dirty glasses, and the floor was littered with cigar and cigarette ends and ash, also with strips of the blanket which had got torn to bits.

One lady had left a boa, another a handbag, yet another a handkerchief, and there were a good many hairpins about—all these the Adjutant's eye fastened upon and took in.

He looked as if he were about to speak, but I was a bit too senior for him to tackle off his own dunghill, and casting another horrified glance around he went out.

"We'll hear about this," said I, and I [illegible] right.

Orderly-room time came. The Major was there, now fairly bursting with liver.

Business disposed of, the Adjutant turned to the Major, and said he wished to make a re[illegible] to him.

"Well," snapped the Major, who was [illegible] for a drink.

"I regret to say, sir," said Ferguson with [illegible] most sanctimonious air, "that on entering [illegible] ante-room at eight o'clock this morning I found Mr. Chinstrap and Mr. —— there, both in evening dress, and neither quite sober"—an [illegible] cious libel I may observe—"further the [illegible] was in a disgraceful condition, and from [illegible] servations, and from inquiries I have made, have every reason to believe that certain theatrical women were entertained in the mess last night, and that a disgraceful orgie took place. During this recital the Major swelled [illegible] until I feared for his integrity of body, but managed to restrain himself to the bitter end.

Then the storm broke.

At first quietly. "Thank you, Captain Ferguson," said the Major with dangerous calm. "It may interest you to know that this 'disgraceful orgie' was held by my consent, that I acted as host, and was present the whole time."

"Oh, I didn't understand," stammered Ferguson, and then the tornado came in earnest.

The Major had long "had it up against" Ferguson, whom he loathed; he had "spotted" his admission that he had been pumping the servants, and he let Ferguson have his full, unqualified, and highly decorative opinion of sneaks, pious tubthumpers and the like.

Ferguson was a washed out rag when the Major had done with him, and he gave up playing the sneak, for as long at least as the Major was at the depôt.

THE TEMPTED JOURNALIST.

It is quite a common occurrence for a mother of a juvenile prisoner to offer a police court reporter sixpence to keep the boy's name out of the papers. As a rule the pressman is not seriously offended, for he allows for her lack of worldly knowledge, and agrees to her request for silence while he returns her money.

That is the elementary aspect of journalistic bribery. In its advanced stages it chiefly affects the financial editors of newspapers. The proprietor of a London half-penny paper pays his financial editor £400 a year. He discovered recently that his employee lived in a mansion, the rent of which must have been well over £200 a year. The man had no private income, and suspicions were aroused.

Inquiries proved that he was in receipt of several thousands a year from company promoters, so he was immediately dismissed. No proceedings could be taken against him, as the publicity of the affair would have broken the faith of the public in the newspaper concerned.

Between these extremes we have bribery in all its forms. Theatre managers will send a critic half-a-dozen tickets for himself and friends, will invite the party to supper afterwards in the hope of biassing his judgment of the play.

A certain railway company has long been notorious in this respect, and the manager may safely be approached by a journalist for a free pass at any time.

The present writer was on one occasion offered a small percentage of the profits derived from the first edition of a novel, provided he would puff it. He gave himself the keen pleasure of slating it, its author and its publisher, in a way that would have meant an action for libel had he not held the latter's tell-tale proposal in writing.

Sheer malice is sometimes the origin of such attempts to bribe the Press. Society women have been known to offer large sums for the publication of an ugly snapshot of a social rival, or for the insertion of a malicious paragraph.

Attempts at bribery are constant, but, to the credit of the British journalist, they do not frequently come off.

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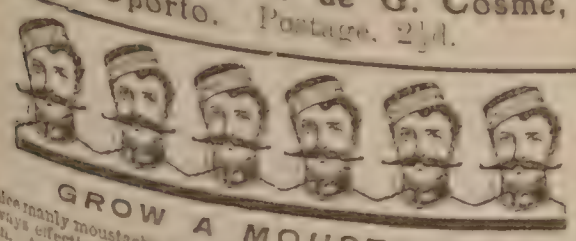

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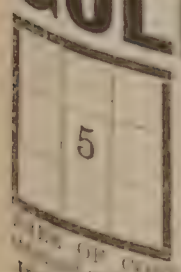

In the centre of the diagram you see a fig. 5. Arrange the figures 1, 2, 3, 4, 6, 7, 8, and 9 in the remaining squares so that the [illegible] add 15 up and down, across, and [illegible] to corner. If correct, and you [illegible]y with the simple condition we shall [illegible], A HANDSOME WATCH (guaranteed 10 years) will be sent you ENTIRELY [illegible] answer NOW, enclosing a [illegible]velope for reply.

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Continued strain on the Brain and Nerves diminishes or uses up the Phosphorus at too great a rate, and when it is below Nature's level there quickly follows one or other of the many nervous troubles so prevalent.

It is self-evident what is required of us—we must feed the brain and nerves, and replace the Phosphorus that we unconsciously squander.

PHOSPHORUS, ***properly*** administered, has very remarkable powers, and is a speedy and safe cure for Neuralgia, Headache, Sleeplessness, Nervous Indigestion, Palpitation, Hysteria, Neuritis, Nausea, Loss of Memory, Faintness, St. Vitus' Dance, Trembling, Vertigo or Giddiness, and those ***vague and undefined nervous conditions*** (all real and distressing to the patient) of Neurasthenia, viz.: Over sensitiveness, lassitude, ill-temper, vague fears, despondency or depression, morbid forebodings, irritability, restlessness, melancholia, moroseness, general nervous debility, and mental exhaustion, with inability to concentrate the mind.

The human body does not need the ordinary every-day tonics and stimulants—the whips—of the medical world in these circumstances. They have their spheres of usefulness in other directions, but where the nerves are at fault the actual nutrient restorative natural to the system is what is required, viz.: Phosphorus. But Phosphorus is not one of those things that can be administered to the human body in a haphazard manner. The only form known to medical science to which can be laid definite claims of certainty of action is that introduced by the late Dr. Samuel Birley, and styled Birley's "Plain" Syrup of Free (or unoxidized) Phosphorus Distinct from Phosphorus as ordinarily understood and compounded by the chemist, this form is capable of being assimilated—that is, in consequence of its being held in perfect solution by a special process of manufacture, it is certain of entry into the blood-stream, to be carried thereby direct to the brain, the central station of the nervous system, and thus absorbed and established as part and parcel of the brain itself. By this means the brain and nervous system can be fed by the one element they alone are in need of, and so kept definitely in a state of perfect and positive efficiency.

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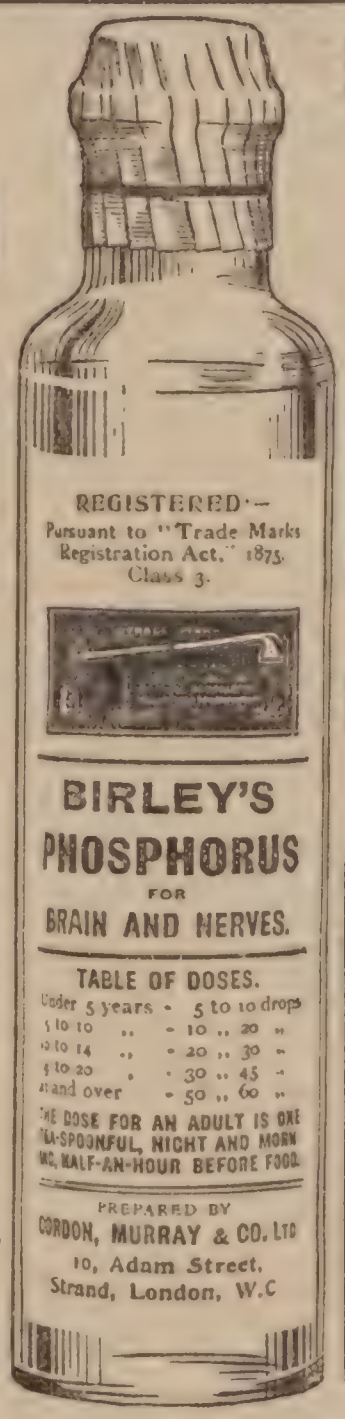
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THE BLOODY BULL-RING.

AN EXCITING BUT CRUEL SPORT.

The Briton who visits Spain inevitably goes to see a bull-fight, and at his first visit—possibly also at his second—he is supremely disgusted at the barbarity of the exhibition.

Then, whether it be because he grows to share the lust of blood with the rest of the audience, or whether he loses sight of the cruelty in the excitement of the combat and the marvellous skill of the fighters, he begins to attend the bull-fight regularly, to note the various points of it with all the ardour of a native, and to applaud with all the enthusiasm of a southern.

The bull-fight is a bloody spectacle, but we have no right to clamour for its suppression until our own sports have lost their barbarity.

During a fashionable shoot how many wounded birds fly off to die in agony three days later? At the most the bull's trials last but an hour, and during the battle he is fighting as a soldier fights, with valour and hope, although his hope has small foundation.

The bulls are bred on special farms, where their courage is observed from infancy, and it is on these farms also that the bull-fighters graduate. Beginning with calves, they presently fight cows and bullocks, then three year old bulls, and finally bulls that are full grown.

THE FIGHTER'S DEBUT.

When the young bull-fighter is considered expert, he is sent to Madrid, where hard work and danger await him. He has to rest content with the less showy duties of the bull-ring, and only when his courage and skill are proved to the satisfaction of the master-fighters, do they permit him to become a full-blown toreador.

When he has successfully passed all other tests, he is put to the supreme one, that of killing two fresh and ferocious bulls that have not previously been tired out by any preliminary combat. If he succeeds in this, he becomes a master-fighter entitled to draw a salary of anything up to £100,000 a year, and having the right at all times to wear the coveted black coat and flat cap of the master-fighter.

The bulls are brought from the farms at night by road, a drove of quiet bullocks accompanying them. On reaching the bull-ring each bull is placed in a separate pen, and when Sunday afternoon arrives, he finds the door of his prison suddenly open, and out he dashes into the arena.

THE HORSEFLESH SACRIFICE.

Here he finds half-a-dozen men with brightly coloured cloaks who wave their mantles before him, and nimbly leap the barrier when he charges. These preliminaries are intended to amuse the people, and to enrage the bull in order to compel him to fight with all his power.

When this part of the show has been kept up for some time the men with the cloaks disappear, and into the ring ride the picadors. They are clad in a kind of armour, and are fat with padding in order that they may not be injured by the bull's horns. They are mounted on old screws which are more than ripe for the knacker, for it is fully intended that the bull shall kill them.

Each horse is blindfolded in order that he may not make his rider's task the more difficult by swerving when the bull charges, and the riders themselves are armed with long lances with which they prod the bull.

The bull gores one horse after the other, while the riders crouch behind their fallen steeds to avoid his deadly horns.

Should the picador be in real danger, one of the cloaked men will leap the barrier and divert the bull's attention; but there is no such mercy shown to the horses, and they are made to continue fighting until they are actually killed. Sometimes their bowels protrude where the bull has gored them and trail upon the sawdust as they cross and re-cross the ring. Unquestionably this is the most revolting part of the whole exhibition.

PLANTING THE DARTS.

When the horses have all been killed, the cloaked men distract the bull's attention, while the ring attendants bring in a team of mules and drag out the carcases. Then men enter with banderillas, short darts shaped like miniature harpoons, and adorned with gaudy ribbons and rosettes. A fighter takes up his position holding one of these darts in each hand, and, as the bull charges, he endeavours to plant one in each shoulder, ducking nimbly aside as the deadly horns flash past. Such a feat would be impossible were it not for the bull's fatal habit of closing his eyes at the moment of charging.

The planting of the darts is not stopped till half-a-dozen of them adorn the bull's shoulders, working their way deeper with each movement, and rousing his anger to a frenzied madness. In the case of bulls that do not show the desired amount of fight, special banderillas to which fireworks are attached are employed.

ENTER, THE STAR.

After all these preliminaries the bull is considered to be ready for the matador or star-fighter. All the other fighters leave the ring, and he enters, armed only with a sword and a red cloak. He induces the bull to charge by waving the cloak, and when the great beast is almost upon him he leaps nimbly to one side and plunges his sword up to the hilt in its shoulder.

The bull stands for a moment. Then he trembles and falls dead.

There is a ring of mule-bells as the team once more enters the arena and drags forth the body of the vanquished. The patches of blood are covered with fresh sawdust, and the ring is ready for another bull.

And so the fighting proceeds till darkness falls upon the arena.

Occasionally, but very seldom, the audience shout "Pardon!" where the bull has shown exceptional valour. Then if the judge agrees, a herd of bullocks is sent into the ring to conduct the pardoned bull back to the lush meadows where he was bred, and where he may now spend his old age.

FERDINAND CARTER.

SIR THOMAS AS MOTORIST.

Sir Thomas Lipton is fond of telling of the time when he was arrested in France. It happened in this way.

He was motoring to Bordeaux one afternoon and had to pass through a village where the weekly market was in progress. He was sliding along the main street with all caution and at a snail's pace, when a half-broken horse, harnessed to a dog-cart, thought here was a fine chance for making a scene.

So it stood on its hind legs, did one or two other foolish things, and finally collided violently with Sir Thomas's car. The occupants of the dog-cart were thrown out, though not much hurt, and they at once demanded that the brutal Englishman should be arrested.

A couple of gendarmes accordingly took Sir Thomas and his car into custody and led them to the police-station. Things were looking very uncomfortable, when Sir Thomas's business instinct came to his rescue, and he slipped a few gold coins into the hand of the driver of the dog-cart.

That worthy person looked perplexed for a moment; then he said to the gendarmes: "I have made a great mistake. It must have been the fall that has upset my memory, but everything is clear now. It was all my fault. Release monsieur at once!"

And Sir Thomas proceeded on his way.

THE KING'S OLD HORSES.

King Edward has a fixed rule that no [illegible] that has ever been in his actual service is sold. This does not, of course, apply to the shire horses which he breeds so largely, for he sends them to auction the same as he does his prize cattle. The "Not for Sales" are his carriage horses only.

When one of these has grown too old for work it is put to death in the most painless way that veterinary science has been able to devise. A mask is fixed on its head and a large dose of chloroform is administered, rendering death painless and almost instantaneous.

This system was the result of experience, for his Majesty discovered that horses that had once drawn the Royal carriage would be prized so highly by their new owners that they would be kept alive long after life had become a misery to them. Therefore he determined that his horses should never have any other owner but himself.

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By Dr. ANDREW WILSON.

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The Outer Man

A WEEKLY FEATURE

Conducted by

CAPTAIN L. H. SAUNDERS.

CLOTHES CADS.

They must exist in the street, I suppose, but one does not become aware of their presence unless one works in an office, or patronises a club. The clothes cad reserves his attentions not for strangers, but for his acquaintances—I will not say friends.

His main object in life appears to be to keep the masculine garb as sombre as possible; he would assure you that it was to keep down foppery. Let us consider the type we meet in an office, for this is more marked and blatant than is to be found anywhere else, I believe, in the wide world. A fellow clerk may appear one broiling day in a Panama hat; the clothes cad will immediately gaze at him in blank surprise, and enquire what that is that he has got on his head.

A fancy vest of the most tasteful design will immediately attract the attention of the clothes cad. It may be perfectly quiet and unobtrusive, but he will remark, "I thought I heard you before you came round that corner."

If anyone dares to wear a collar slightly higher than that honored by himself, he will make derisive remarks as to donkeys looking over whitewashed walls.

But woe betide the man who may have an evening engagement, and who may take the opportunity of dressing at the office, as soon as the working day is finished. On such occasions the clothes cad always seems to be doing overtime, and it takes his breath away to see a fellow clerk in evening toggery; unfortunately not for long, however, for he presently regains his faculty for invective.

There is only one satisfactory way of dealing with the clothes cad. It is what is described in the Police Court as a breach of the peace, or assault and battery—I forget which.

ANOTHER TYPE.

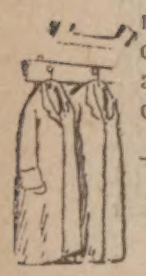
There is another type of clothes cad, who leaves other people to dress exactly as they choose, but who adorns himself in the most unlovely manner. Fashion he sets at defiance, not because he is too poor to follow it, or because he considers that his variation is an improvement, but just because he is not happy unless he is different from everybody else. He poses as a man of strong character, when he is merely indulging in cheap self-advertisement.

You find all kinds of them. There is the journalist who wears an old-fashioned opera cloak during the day. There is the novelist who wears ridiculously baggy knickerbockers, and black stockings. There is the Socialist member of Parliament who has a leaning towards flannel, rough tweed, and red ties.

It is a form of snobbishness, for these people are uncommonly proud of their odd clothes, and assume an air of self-righteousness from the wearing of them.

GLOVE ECONOMY.

For my own part I dislike wearing gloves, and never do so when I can help it, but there are of course times when one must bow to conventionality. What glove then is likely to be the most durable and economical?



I think perhaps the darkest shade of slate. For London wear this will outlast most other kinds. They always look well, and they seem to darken gradually, and not show dirty in patches. Such gloves I can generally keep sufficiently clean, till the seams begin to show weakness, or the buttons a tendency to divorce themselves from the rest of the glove; then it is time to discard them altogether.

But for those who like the lighter shade of glove, it will be found that the glove becomes too dirty to wear long before it is really worn out. They should then be sent to the dry cleaner's. Dry cleaning is only a name; it does not exist in fact. The cleaner immerses a bunch of gloves in a tank of dirty benzine, brushes them a little, and then plunges them in another tank of clean benzine. The gloves are then squeezed dry, and when all traces of the chemical have evaporated they are despatched to their owner.

CLEANING AND DYEING.

Cleaned gloves have this great fault. They seem to have a greasiness of surface which makes them unpleasant to sensitive fingers, and they show a great tendency to be streaky in places.

I remember once sending rather a good pair of light slate gloves to be dyed. The cost was considerably more than that of cleaning, but I thought the results might be better; on the contrary I found that the gloves were hopelessly burnt, splitting in half a dozen places when I put them on, and the colour was not such as one would find in any shop.

The cheapest glove for city wear is certainly white doeskin, but they require washing very, very often, and besides, many men consider them unlovely.

If you want a glove simply for warmth and comfort, as you will do if you are in the country, nothing can compare with a well-knitted pair of worsted gloves. I do not mean those dreadful creations, the backs of which are decorated with many coloured patterns, but those which are made entirely of one colour of wool, generally some shade of brown.

SHOULD MEN USE SCENT?

In the course of conversation the other day a friend asked my opinion on the above question, and the problem is one that may interest my readers.

A man who smells of scent is a ridiculous person, and to call him effeminate is to put things in their mildest form, but all the same, one may enjoy the benefits of scent without reeking of it in public. Whether the use of scent by a man in private is effeminate, may best be left to the judgment of the ladies, who are well versed in these matters.

If you take the Ouida-esque guardsman as a type of manhood, you will read that one of his characteristics was frequent bathing in eau de Cologne. Though I have never gone to the extravagance of affording myself a bath at about a penny a drop, still I must confess to always having scent on my toilet table, and to using it for various purposes.

I have no respect for the man who drenches his handkerchief with scent and flourishes it broadcast.

But yet scent may have its uses as part of a man's toilet equipment.

Supposing you come in after hard exercise, pretty well done out, the first thing you do is to have a bath and change; and I think that under these conditions it puts the finishing touch to your refreshing process, if you rub a drop of scent on the palm of your hand and sniff it.

Why the smell of a good perfume should be refreshing, I leave it to scientists to explain. It can scarcely be the alcohol which is the vehicle of the scent, but the fact remains, as you may find out by experiment, that scent so used is refreshing.

PREVENTION BETTER THAN CURE.

If you are tired out, and yet feel sleepless, try a squirt of scent on your pillow. It will stimulate you just sufficiently to produce a natural and refreshing sleep. Scent used in this way has a distinctly good effect from the antiseptic standpoint, and if there should be colds, or any other contagious element in your house, you might do worse than adopt this simple precaution.

During a recent influenza epidemic, when there was hardly a London office but had at least one in ten of its staff laid aside, a scent manufacturer declared that not a single operative of his had been attacked by this disease, a fact which might reasonably be attributed to the scent impregnated atmosphere.

SCENT VERSUS SOAP.

Even the best laundries are guilty of leaving a little soap on the clothes they have washed, and this is particularly noticeable in the case of woollen underclothing. When this is the case the garments do not have that fresh smell which they ought to have when you put them on. A satchet of scent placed in your underclothing drawer will remedy matters wonderfully.

In spite of all this, however, no man worth the name wants to smell of scent, and many who would scorn to perfume themselves intentionally do it accidentally by the use of certain hair washes. Lime cream for example, when made up by most chemists, has far too much scent in it. It is, I imagine, good for the hair, and it is certainly pleasant to use, but if you put on any quantity of it you smell for a bit like a scented factory girl.

For my own part I have an aversion from any distinctive perfume, and prefer one which has many scents in its composition, but in which you are not able to distinguish them individually. Wallflower, heliotrope, and all the other essentially feminine scents, I must confess I dislike, but Jockey Club, eau de Cologne, and other mixtures are wholly to my taste.

SWEAT ON LEGGINGS.

A correspondent sends me a query which should be interesting to most of my sporting readers.

"I never feel so comfortable as when dressed in breeches and leggings," he writes. "I prefer those of leather, but they seem to make my legs sweat. One pair I have are all marked with sweat. How can I remove these stains?"

Soak the leggings, my friend, in cold water for half-an-hour and the sweat marks will come out. No need for soap.

BOOTS WITH FANCY TOPS.

I have often been asked for a method of cleaning the uppers of those boots, which are now fashionable, with buckskin or similar light-coloured tops.

If proper care is taken in cleaning the black part—and if, as is advisable, this is of patent leather, much care is not required—the uppers should need but little cleaning, for such boots will naturally only be worn for town wear and on dry days.

When, however, the buckskin does require cleaning, I know of no better means than the use of what is known as "cloth ball." This is a hard cake of a preparation used by dry cleaners, an improved form of Fuller's earth.

The ball should be well rubbed into the light part of the boot—even if this is only imitation buckskin, as so many are, it will prove equally efficacious.

A white powder will remain behind, which must be well rubbed in with a piece of flannel, and the boots must then be left for a day or so.

At the end of this time the powder should be brushed out vigorously with a *clean* clothes brush, and the boots will look as fresh as ever.

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E. Perry
Colonel

COL. BACOT CHESTER ON "TATCHO."

Zetland House, Maidenhead.

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F. Bacot-Chester

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Commander R.N.

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Lady Collins

WHAT "TATCHO" WILL DO.

Do not women of every nation desire to have hair like an English Woman's? Her hair is her chief adornment, but hair to be nice must be nicely treated. Hair must be stimulated to live. Our grandmothers, and even our mothers, know this so well that hair-brushing was one of the most important features of their toilet. If this attention cannot be given, recourse must be had to a stimulant, and as a stimulant for the hair there is none so safe and so effective as the discovery of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's "Tatcho."

"TATCHO" is a brilliant spirituous tonic, the colour of whisky, free from all grease. A sprinkle of a few drops on the scalp works marvels with every head of hair, but more especially with those that have not received their quantum of care.

If you value your appearance—and who does not?—get a bottle of "Tatcho" to-day. It acts as an invigorating tonic. It stops the hair falling, creates a luxuriant growth, and imparts to it a bright and youthful lustre.

It is not a dye, and contains no colouring matter or any harmful ingredient.

The COUPON

FOR A

4/6 Trial Bottle,

TATCHO.

Cut this out.

"TATCHO" COUPON.

Provided this Coupon is sent to the Chief Chemist, "Tatcho" Laboratories, Kingsway, London, we bind ourselves to send one of the large trial bottles of Mr. Geo. R. Sims's Hair Grower "Tatcho," 4/6 size, for the sum of 1/10, post free, in a plain sealed package. This special offer is made solely with the object of enabling the public to prove its superlative value, and to avoid the necessity for extravagant outlay in advertising.

M. M.

The Geo. R. Sims Hair Restorer Co